

From the Quarterly Review.

1. *Zoological Sketches, made for the Zoological Society of London, from Animals in their Vivarium in the Regent's Park.* By Joseph Wolf. Edited, with Notes, by D. W. Mitchell, B.A., F.L.S., Secretary to the Society. London. 1856.
2. *A Popular Guide to the Gardens of the Zoological Society of London.* By D. W. Mitchell. London. 1855.
3. *The Aquarium: an Unveiling of the Wonders of the Deep Sea.* By Phillip Henry Gosse, A.L.S. London. 1854.

To furnish every possible link in the grand procession of organized life, is the aim of the science of zoology. Its professors have explored the wilds of Africa, and have penetrated far into the interior of South America; have endured the last extremities of hunger and thirst to catch some curious humming-bird; and have been consumed by fevers to the very socket of life, in order to pin an unknown beetle, or to procure some rare and gorgeous-colored fly. The passion for this science seems to have long dwelt in the English race; our love of field-sports, and keen relish of rural life, coupled with a habit of minute observation, have all had a tendency to foster an acquaintance with the beasts of the field and the fowls of the air, and scarcely a village but boasts of some follower of White or Waterton. This taste we carry with us to our vast colonial possessions, and to that chain of military posts whose morning guns echo round the world. With such splendid opportunities for observing and collecting animals, we have succeeded in gathering together a menagerie which is by far the first in existence, and which includes typical forms of most living things—from the chimpanzee, in whose face and structure we trace the last step but one of the highest form of mammal, to the zoophyte, which shakes hands with the vegetable world.

Ancient Rome, it is true, in her degenerate days witnessed vaster collections of animals, and saw hippopotami, ostriches, and giraffes, together with the fiercer carnivora, turned by hundreds into the arena. But how different the spirit with which they were collected! With the debased and profligate Roman em-

perors the only object of these bloody shows was to gratify the brutal appetite of their people for slaughter; with us the intention is to display the varying wonders of creation.

Most of our readers in the full flush of summer have leaned over the balustrade of the carnivora terrace. From this elevated situation the whole plan of the south side of the grounds is exposed. To his right, fringing a still pool whose translucent waters mirror them as they stand, the spectator sees the collection of storks and cranes: more immediately in front of him softly tread the llamas and alpacas—the beasts of burthen of the New World: farther, again, we see the deer in their paddocks, and beyond the sedgy pools of the water-fowl, set in the midst of graceful shrubberies which close the Gardens in from the landscape of the Regent's Park. Passing over to the northern side of the terrace he sees the eagle aviary, tenanted by its royal and solitary-looking occupants; the otters swimming their merry round, and perchance the seal flapping beside his pool; while the monkeys with incredible rapidity and constant chatter swing and leap about their wire enclosure. Immediately beneath him the Polar bears pace to and fro, or, swaying their heads, walk backwards with a firmness which a lord chamberlain might study with advantage; and close at hand the long neck of the “ship of the desert” is seen sailing out from the gateway of the pretty clock-house. That the dread monarch of the forest and the other “great cats” are beneath his feet, he is made aware by angry growls and the quivering sound of shaken iron bars, as the keeper goes round with his daily beef-barrow. No one can help feeling a certain sense of strangeness at seeing these creatures of all climes scattered amid a flourishing garden—to witness beasts, ensanguined in tooth and claw, impatiently pacing to and fro between banks of scarlet geraniums or beds brilliant with the countless blooms of early dahlias—or, still more oddly, to witness birds of prey which love to career in the storm surrounded by monthly roses. Had it been possible to have given each class of bird and animal its appropriate vegetation it would doubtless have been pre-

ferable; but such an arrangement was manifestly impossible.

Descending from this general survey, the long row of dens which run below the terrace on either side are the first to attract the visitor's attention. Before this terrace was constructed in 1840 the larger carnivora were cooped up in what is now the reptile-house. The early dens of the establishment form a good example of the difficulty Englishmen experience in suiting themselves to altered circumstances. On the first formation of the Gardens the Society seems to have taken for its model some roving Menagerie, as many of the houses of the beasts were nothing better than caravans dismounted from their wheels, and the managers encamped their collection in a fashion little more permanent than Wombwell would have done upon a village green. It was speedily found that the health of the felidæ suffered materially from their close confinement, which did not even admit of the change of air experienced in the travelling caravan. In fact, the lions, tigers, leopards, and pumas, did not live on an average more than twenty-four months. To remedy this state of things the terrace dens were constructed, and, rushing from one extreme to the other, tropical animals were left exposed to the full rigor of winter. The drifting rain fell upon their hair, and they were exposed in cold, wet weather to a temperature which even man, who ranges from the torrid zone to the arctic circle, could not resist unprotected. The consequences were manifested in the increase of inflammatory lung diseases, and it is now found necessary to protect the dens by matting and artificial heat from the extreme cold and damp of the winter months. In the summer the exposure suits them admirably, and it must be confessed that the tigers look only too fat and comfortable. One of the most interesting cages is that which contains a family party, consisting of the mastiff with the lion and his mate. They were brought up together from cubhood, and agree to a marvel; though the dog would prove little more than a mouthful for either of his noble-looking companions. Visitors express a vast deal of sympathy for him, and fancy that the lion is only saving him up, as the Giant did Jack, for a future feast. But their sympathy, we believe, is thrown away. "Lion" has always maintained the ascendancy he assumed when a

pup, and any rough handling on the part of his huge play-fellows is immediately resented by his flying at their noses. Although the dog is allowed to come out of the den every morning, he shows a great disinclination to leave his old friends. It is, however, thought advisable to separate them at feeding-time. Both the lion and lioness are of English birth, and it is singular that out of the great number that have been born in the Society's Garden full fifty per cent. have come into the world with cleft palates, and have perished in consequence of not being able to suck. If the keepers were to fill their nostrils with tow we fancy they could accomplish this act, as well at least as children who are suffering from cold in the head. Although the male is not yet fully grown, he is sufficiently developed to show the difference between the African variety to which he belongs and the East Indian specimen at the other end of the terrace. Our young Cape friend has a fine mane and a tail but slightly bushed at the top, which droops towards the ground. The full-grown animal from Goojerat, is, on the contrary, comparatively maneless, and his tail takes a short curl upwards at the end. The caudal extremity of both is furnished with a rudimentary claw. This little appendage was supposed by the ancients to be instrumental in lashing the lion into fury, and Mr. Gordon Cumming informs us that the natives of South Africa believe it to be the residence of an evil spirit, which never evacuates its post until death overtakes the beast and gives it notice to quit. The Goojerat or maneless lion is supposed to be the original of the heraldic beast we regard with such respect as a national emblem, but which foreigners maintain is nothing better than a leopard.

But why do we coop these noble animals in such nutshell cages? What a miserable sight to see them pace backwards and forwards in their box-like dens! Why should they, of all the beasts of the forest, be condemned to such imprisonment? The bear has its pole, the deer its paddock, the otter his pool, where at least they have enough liberty to keep them in health; but we stall our lions and tigers as we would oxen, till they grow lethargic, fat, and puffy, like city aldermen. With half an acre of enclosed ground, strewn with sand, we might see the king of beasts pace freely, as in his Libyan fastness, and with twenty feet of artificial

rock might witness the tiger's bound. Such an arrangement would, we are convinced, attract thousands to the Gardens, and restore to the larger carnivora that place among the beasts from which they have been so unfairly degraded. We commend this idea to Mr. Mitchell, the able secretary to the Society, who has shown by his system of "starring" how alive he is to the fact that it is to the sixpenny and shilling visitors who flock to the Gardens by tens of thousands on holidays that he must look to support the wise and liberal expenditure he has lately adopted.

On the other side of the terrace, in addition to the leopards and hyenas, is to be found a splendid collection of bears, from the sharp-muzzled sun-bear (who robs a bees'-hive in a hollow tree as artistically as a London thief cuts a purse), to the enormous Russian Bruin, the largest perhaps ever exhibited. "Prince Menschikoff," as he is called by the keepers, grew into exceeding good condition in the gardens at Hull, where it appears he chiefly dieted upon his brethren, the cannibal having consumed no less than five bears: and they appear to have had the same effect upon him as cod-liver oil upon a human invalid. His neighbors, the white Polar bears, contrast with him strangely in physiognomy and form; their heads, sharp as pole-cats', seem fashioned like cutwaters to enable them to make their way in the sea, and if they would lift their huge paws we should see that they were clothed almost entirely with hair, to aid them in securing a firm footing on the ice. The largest of these beasts managed to get out of his enclosure before the top of it was barred in; but he was peaceably led back again. Indeed, even the wildest of the beasts, after a little confinement, seem so frightened at recovering their liberty that they easily allow themselves to be recaptured.

Last year the Felidæ alone consumed beef, mutton, and horseflesh to the value of £1367 19s. 5d. This sum is entirely irrespective of the fish, snakes, frogs, and other "small deer" given to the birds and inferior carnivora. They all live here like gentlemen, emancipated from the drudgery of finding their daily food. They have their slaughter-houses close at hand in the Gardens, where sheep, oxen, and horses are weekly killed expressly for them. Some of them will only eat cooked meat. Soon after the establishment of the Gardens experiments were made as to the best manner

of feeding them, which proved that, while they gained flesh and continued active upon one full meal a day, they lost weight and became drowsy on two half-meals. In the endeavor to follow nature still closer, they were dieted more sparsely, and even fasted at certain seasons. This treatment, however, resulted in a catastrophe — a female leopard and puma killing and eating their companions: a strong hint for fuller rations, which was not neglected.

Let us now cross over from the cages of the king of beasts to the aviary of the king of birds. The collection of eagles, vultures, and condors, numbers upwards of twenty species, among which we recognized "the oldest inhabitant" of the Gardens, — the vulture, presented to the Society by Mr. Brooks, the surgeon, more than twenty-five years ago. Notwithstanding his age, he looks one of the finest birds in the collection. We question, however, if the last new comer of the same species will not "put his bill out," arriving as it does from a distant shore to which thousands of anxious hearts are turned. We allude to the vulture lately sent from the Crimea. It was caught near the monastery of Saint George, and the proximity of his retreat to many a battle-field suggests reflections too painful to dwell upon. The prominent impression produced in glancing at this aviary is the perfect isolation which each bird maintains as he crowns the topmost pinnacle of the heap of rocks reared in the centre of his den, where he perches motionless as a stone. There seems to be no recognition of his fellow-prisoners — no interchange of either blows or courtesies between the iron netting. Each seems an enduring captive that will not be comforted or won over to the ways of men. Now and then unsheathing his piercing eye, we perceive the huge wings spread, and perchance remembering the callow eaglets in some Alpine eyrie, the bird soars upwards for a moment, beats his pinions against the netting, and falls to earth again with the ignominious flop of a Christmas turkey. It is impossible to contemplate these birds without pity not unmixed with pain. Who can recognize, in the motionless bunch of feathers before us, Audubon's magnificent description of the Bald Eagle as he swoops upon his prey:

"The next moment the wild trumpet-like sound of a yet distant but approaching swan

is heard. . . . Now is the moment to witness a display of the eagle's powers. He glides through the air like a falling star, and, like a flash of lightning, comes upon the timorous quarry, which now, in agony and despair, seeks, by various manoeuvres, to elude the grasp of his cruel talons. It mounts, doubles, and willingly would plunge into the stream were it not prevented by the eagle, which, long possessed of the knowledge that by such a stratagem the swan might escape him, forces it to remain in the air by attempting to strike it with its talons from beneath. The hope of escape is soon given up by the swan. It has already become much weakened, and its strength fails at the sight of the courage and swiftness of its antagonist. Its last gasp is about to escape, when the ferocious eagle strikes with his talons the under side of his wing, and with unresisted power forces the bird to fall in a slanting direction upon the nearest shore."

This is the romance of the noble bird's mode of obtaining food — here, as he marches off with a dead rat in his claw, or a piece of raw beef, we behold its prose. But however unpoetical this treatment, it cannot be said to disagree with him, as fine plumage and good condition prove. Passing on our way to the monkey-house, the merry otters are seen playing "follow-my-leader" round their rock-house, now plunging headlong in search of the flat-fish which shine at the bottom of the water — now bringing it to shore, and crushing flesh, vertebre, and all.

The admirably arranged but vilely ventilated monkey-house is always a great source of attraction. The mixture of fun and solemnity, the odd attitudes and tricks, and the human expression of their countenances, all tend to attract, and at the same time to repel. Mr. Rogers used to say, that visiting them was like going to see one's poor relations, and wondrous shabby old fellows some of them appear. We have only to look into their faces for a moment to see that they differ from each other as much as the faces of mankind. There is a large, long-haired, black-faced rascal, who looks as murderous as a Malay; a little way off we see another with great bushy whiskers and shaggy eyebrows (the mona), the very picture of a successful horse-dealer; a third, with his long nose and keen eye, has all the air of a crafty old lawyer. The contemplation of them brings involuntarily to the mind the doctrine of the transmigration of souls. The apes and ba-

boons are indeed purely brutal, and only excite disgust: towards the latter the whole company of smaller monkeys express the utmost hatred — as may be seen when the keeper by way of fun takes one of them out of his cage and walks him down the room. The whole population rush to the front of their cages, and hoot, growl, and chatter at him, as only Eastern County shareholders can do when their chairman takes his seat. The vivacious little capuchin monkeys are evidently the favorites and bag most of the nuts; the brown capuchin appears to be particularly knowing, as he keeps a big pebble at hand, and, when he finds that his teeth are not equal to the task, he taps the nut with the stone with just sufficient force to break the shell without bruising the kernel. We have often seen this little fellow take a pinch of snuff, and assiduously rub his own and companion's skin with it, with a full knowledge, no doubt, of the old recipe for killing fleas. He will also make use of an onion for a similar purpose. Among the other quadrumana in this house, we find the lemurs, which look more like long-legged weasels than monkeys, and the bright-faced little marmosets, who cluster inquiringly to the front of their cage, looking in their cap-shaped headdress of fur like so many gossips quizzing you over the window-blinds.

At the present moment there is no specimen of either the uran or chimpanzee in the Gardens, but there have been at least half-a-dozen located here within the last ten years, one of which, "Jenny," maintained her health for five years. The damp, cold air of the Gardens at last brought on consumption, and the public must remember the poor, wheezing, dying brute, with a plaster on her chest and blankets around her, the very picture of a moribund old man. The only specimen now in Europe is in the Jardin des Plantes at Paris. This animal, one of the finest ever seen, is in excellent health, and promises to maintain it in the bright air of la Belle France. An accomplished naturalist has kindly furnished us with the following particulars of this brute, which clearly indicate that he is a very Doctor Busby among his fellows:

"He passed through London on his way to Paris, having landed at Plymouth. There were then two female Chims resident in the Gardens in the Regent's Park, and the



French Chim was allowed to lodge in their hotel for a couple of nights. On his appearance both of these young ladies uttered cries of recognition, which however evinced more fear than anything else. Chim was put into a separate compartment, or room with a double grille, to prevent the probable injuries which discordant apes will inflict on each other. He had scarcely felt the floor under his feet when he began to pay attention to his countrywomen thus suddenly and unexpectedly found. Their fear and surprise gradually subsided, and they stood watching him attentively, when he broke out into a characteristic *pas seul*, which he kept up for a considerable time, uttering cries scarcely more hideous than seem the notes of a Chinese singer, and not far out of unison with his loudly-beating feet. The owner, who was present, said that he was imitating a dance of the negroes which the animal had often seen while resident in his house in Africa. The animal was upwards of a year and a half old, and had spent one year of his life in this gentleman's house. The Chim maidens gradually relaxed their reserve as the vivacity of the dance increased, until at last, when it was over, each stealthily put a hand through the grille and welcomed their friend and brother to their home in a far land. As the weather was severe—it was early in December—it is possible that their talk was of their native palm-groves and their never-ending summer. Chim thenceforth made himself as agreeable as possible, and when the time for his departure came, the maidens exhibited the liveliest regret, short of tears, at losing him. At Paris he increased rapidly in stature and intelligence. The climate, diet (he drinks his pint of Bordeaux daily), and lively society of the French seem to be more congenial to Chim's physique than our melancholy London. He makes acquaintance not only with the staff but with the habitués of the Garden. The last time I saw him (May, 1854) he came out to taste the morning air in the large circular enclosure in front of the Palais des Singes, which was built for 'our poor relations' by M. Thiers. Here Chim began his day by a leisurely promenade, casting pleased and thankful glances towards the sun, the beautiful sun of early summer. He had three satellites, *coati-mundis*, either by chance or to amuse him, and while making all manner of eyes at a young lady who supplies the Singerie with pastry and cakes, one of the *coati-mundis* came up stealthily behind and dealt him a small but malicious bite. Chim looked round with astonishment at this audacious outrage on his person, put his hand haughtily upon the wound, but without losing his temper in the least. He walked deliberately to the

other side of the circle, and fetched a cane which he had dropped there in his promenade. He returned with majestic wrath upon his brow, mingled, I thought, with contempt: and, taking Coati by the tail, commenced punishment with his cane, administering such blows as his victim could bear without permanent injury, and applied with equal justice to the ribs on either side, in a direction always parallel to the spine. When he thought enough had been done, he disposed of Coati without moving a muscle of his countenance, by a left-handed jerk which threw the delinquent high in air, head over heels. He came down a sadder and a better Coati, and retired with shame and fear to an outer corner. Having executed this act of justice, Chim betook himself to a tree. A large baboon, who had in the mean time made his appearance in the circle, thought this was a good opportunity of doing a civil thing, and accordingly mounted the tree and sat down smilingly, as baboons smile, upon the next fork. Chim slowly turned his head at this attempt at familiarity, measured the distance, raised his hind foot, and, as composedly as he had caned the coati, kicked the big baboon off his perch into the arena below. This abasement seemed to do the baboon good, for he also retired like the coati, and took up his station on the other side. To what perfection of manners and development of thought the last year and a half may have brought him I can scarcely guess; but one day doubtless some one will say of him, as an Oriental prince once said to me, after long looking at the uran 'Peter,'—'Does he speak English yet?'

The monkeys before they were transferred to this house suffered a great mortality, and, indeed, on taking possession of their new apartment, the keepers used to remove the dead by the barrowful in the morning. This extreme mortality was produced by want of ventilation and a system of heating which burnt the air and induced inflammation of the lungs. Dr. Marshall Hall and Dr. Arnott, upon being consulted, directed the substitution of an open stove, when the deaths ceased.

As we pass towards the small building once used as the parrot-house, but now dedicated to the smaller felidae, we go by the seal-pond, and see that strange beast which resembles a Danish carriage-dog with his legs amputated. He is an epicure as regards his regular meals, and turns up his nose at any fish less *recherché* than whiting, of which expensive delicacy he consumes ten pounds weight daily. Meanwhile, however, he is

"a snapper-up of unconsidered trifles," and we see him, as the visitors circulate round his enclosure, flop, flop, around the margin of his pond, keeping a sharp look-out above the railings for stray favors. The house of the smaller carnivora is generally overlooked, but it is worthy of a visit, if only to see the beautiful clouded tigers as they are misnamed, for they more resemble hunting leopards both in size and skin-markings. These elegant creatures are quite tame, and permit the utmost familiarities of their keeper; but their neighbor, the caracal or lynx, never seems tired of making the most ferocious rushes at the bars, accompanied by a vindictive and incessant spitting, which impresses us with the idea that it possesses the very quintessence of cat-like nature. There is one little cage in this apartment which is deserving of especial inspection — that containing a specimen of the indigenous black rat, which according to Mr. Waterton was entirely eaten out of the country by the gray rats of Hanover, which came over in the same ship with Dutch William, and which are, according to that hearty naturalist, the very emblems of "Protestant rapacity." Those who have read his delightful essays know well with what perseverance the author hunts the gray rodent through every chapter of his book.

If we now retrace our steps along the border of the plantation, which forms a deep green background for countless dahlias, and moreover screens the garden from the biting east, we shall, by turning to the right hand, come upon the Aquarium, the latest and most attractive sight in the gardens. How cool and delicious! Around us we perceive slices of the deep-sea-bed and the rapid river. Were we mermen we could not examine more at ease the rich pavement of the ocean set with strange and living flowers. In the midst of the green walls of water which surround us, mimic caves, waving with sea-weed and other marine plants, afford shelter and lurking-places for bright fish which stare and dart, or for shambling crustaceæ which creep over the pebbly bottom. Against the dark verdure of these submerged rocks, the sea-anemone rears its orange base tipped with flower-like fans, or hangs its snake-like tentacles, writhing as the head-dress of Medusa. But we must look narrowly into each nook and under every stone, if we wish to realize the amount of animal life which here puts on such strange

vegetable forms. Let us consider well for a few minutes one of the tanks running down the middle of the building. For months all the minute animal and vegetable life has been multiplying and decaying, and yet the water remains pure and bright. The explanation of this phenomenon affords one of the most beautiful examples of the manner in which nature on a grand scale holds the balance true between her powers. If we were to put these little bright-eyed fish alive into the crystal tank, in a week's time they would die, because they would have withdrawn all the oxygen it originally contained, and contaminated it with the poisonous carbonic acid gas exhaled from their lungs. To prevent this, the philosopher hangs these mimic caves with verdant sea-weed, and plants the bottom with graceful marine grasses. If the spectator looks narrowly at the latter, he finds them fringed with bright silver bells: these bells contain oxygen, which the plants have eliminated from their tissues under the action of light, having previously consumed the carbonic gas thrown out by the fishes and zoophytes. Thus plants and animals are indispensable to the preservation of each other's life. But even now we have not told the entire causes which produce the crystal clearness of the water. The vegetable element grows too fast, and, if left to itself, the sides of the tank would be covered with a confervoid growth, which would speedily obscure its inmates from our view. We want scavengers to clear away the superfluous vegetation, and we find them in the periwinkles which we see attached by their foot-stalk to the glass. These little mollusca do their work well: Mr. Gosse, who has watched them feeding with a pocket-glass, perceived that their saw-like tongues moved backwards and forwards with a crescentic motion, and thus, as the animal advances, he leaves a slight swath-like mark upon the glass, as the mower does upon the field. But it is clear that there are not enough laborers in the tank we are inspecting to accomplish their task, as the lobster, who comes straggling over the stones in such an ungainly manner, is more like a moving salad than any living thing, so thickly are back, tail, feelers, and claws, infested with a dense vegetable growth. A few more black mowers are imperatively called for. The fish, the weed, and the mollusc, having secured to us a clear view of the inhabitants of the tank, let us inspect them

one by one. Here we see the parasitic anemone. Like the old man of the sea, it fixes itself upon some poor Sinbad in the shape of a whelk, and rides about at his ease in search of food. Another interesting variety of this zoophyte is the plumose sea-anemone, a more stay-at-home animal, who generally fixes himself upon a flat rock or an oyster-shell, and waits for the food to come to it, as your London housewife expects the butcher and baker to call in the morning.

The pure white body of the neighboring actinia renders it more observable. Its tentacles, displayed in plumes over the central mouth, which is marked with yellow, give it the exact appearance of a chrysanthemum, and should be much in favor with the mermaids to adorn their hair. A still more extraordinary creature is the *Tabella ventilabrum*. The tube of this strange animal is perfectly straight, and its large brown silk-like radiating fans, whilst in search of food, revolve just as the old-fashioned whirling ventilators did in our windows. The instant this fan is touched it is retracted into the tube, the ends just appearing outside, and giving it the appearance of a camel's-hair brush.

We shall not attempt to describe the different species of zoophytes and annelides, amounting to hundreds — indeed, they are not all familiar to scientific men. We have little more to say of the crustacea that go scrambling about, yet it would be impossible to overlook that peripatetic whelk-shell, which climbs about the stones with such marvellous activity. On a narrower inspection we perceive that it moves by a foreign agency. Those sprawling legs protruding from its mouth discover the hermit crab, which is obliged to dress its soft body in the first defensible armor it can pick up. A deserted whelk or common spiral shell is his favorite resort, but, like many bipeds, he has a love of changing his house; and those who have narrowly watched his habits state that he will deliberately turn over the empty shells upon the beach, and, after examining them carefully with his claws, pop his body out of one habitation into another, in order to obtain the best possible fit.

But there are still stranger facts connected with this intelligent little crustacean. We have before observed that the parasitic sea-anemone invariably fixes himself when possible upon this moveable house, perfectly re-

gardless of the many bumps and rubs which necessarily fall to its lot. Another warm friend, the cloak-anemone, clings still closer, for it perfectly envelops the lip of his shell with its living mantle. He has still a third intimate acquaintance, who sponges upon him for bed and board, in the shape of a beautiful worm, *Nereis bilineata*, which stows itself behind the crab in the attic of the whelk-shell, and, the moment its protector by his motions indicates that he has procured food, glides between the two left-foot jaws, and drags a portion of the morsel from his mouth, the crab appearing to evince no more animosity at the seizure than the Quaker who suddenly finds his spoons taken for church-rates. The interesting specimens we have dwelt upon are confined to the sea-water tanks, which line the Aquarium on the side opposite the door, and those which run down the centre of the apartment. Vis-à-vis are the fresh-water tanks, in which we may watch the habits of British fishes. There is a noble pike lying as still as a stone — a model sitter for the photographer who lately took his portrait. The barbel, bream, dace, and gudgeon are seen going about their daily duties as though they were at the bottom of the Thames, instead of sandwiched between two panes of glass, and inspected on either side by curious eyes. Those who go early in the morning will have a chance of seeing the lampreys hanging like leeches from the glass by their circular mouths, and breathing by the seven holes which run beside their pectoral fins. The marine fish should also be studied — strange forms with vicious looking jaws, the dog-fish for example, which is a young fry as yet, but which will grow a yard or two in length.

At the east end of the building the alligators' pool discovers here and there a floating reptile's head, the outline of which reminds us of the hippopotamus. In both cases the habit of resting in the water with the head and body almost entirely submerged necessitates a raised form of the nostril and eye-socket, in order to allow the animal to see and breathe. A similar formation of the face is observable in the wart hog (in another portion of the Gardens), which wallows up to its eyes in slush and mire. The alligators have the tank to themselves, with the exception of a couple of turtles, which are too hard nuts for even them to crack.

The council has scarcely established the Aquarium two years, and already it is well stocked with specimens of British zoophytes and annelides, for the most part dredged from the neighborhood of Weymouth. If these are so beautiful, what must be the wonders of the deep sea in tropical climates? Who knows what strange things a bold adventurer might pick up, who, like Schiller's diver, would penetrate the horrid depths of the whirlpool, not for the jewelled cup of the monarch, but for the hidden living treasures nature has planted there? Doubtless, among the rusty anchors and weed-clung ribs of long-lost armadas, there nestle gigantic zoophytes and enormous star-fish, which would make the fortune of the Gardens in a single season. At all events we hope to see the Aquarium greatly extended, as it will afford the means of studying a department of natural history of which we have hitherto been almost wholly in the dark.

If we pursue our walk down the broad path which skirts the paddocks enclosing the deer and llamas, we cannot help being struck with the fact that the finest half of the Gardens — that which is open to the setting sun — is not yet built on, whilst the more exposed portion is inconveniently crowded. The reason is, that the Commissioners of the Woods and Forests will not allow any permanent buildings to be erected on these parts, for what cause we cannot tell. We trust the prohibition will be withdrawn, and that we shall see constructed here an enclosed exercising-ground for the poor confined inhabitants of the terrace-dens. At the northern extremity of the path we have been following we come upon the paddock and pool dedicated to cranes and storks. What spectre birds have we got among? See yonder, on the very edge of the pool, the gaunt adjutant, his head muffled up in his shoulders, looking like some traveller attempting to keep his nose warm in the east wind. They say every man has his likeness among the lower animals, and we have seen plenty of adjutants waiting on a winter's night for the last omnibus. What an elegant gentleman seems the Stanley crane beside him! There is as much difference between the two as between a young guardsman in full dress at the Opera and the night cabman huddled up in the multitudinous capes of his great coat.

A third claimant for our admiration steps

forward like a dancing-master, now bending low, now with the aid of his wings lifting himself on the light fantastic toe, now advancing, now poussetting, and all the time calling attention to his grotesque but not altogether inelegant attitudes by a peculiar cry. We defy the gravest spectator to watch the beautiful crowned crane at his antics without laughing. But we hear the lady beside us exclaiming, — "Is it possible that the Maraboo feathers which so often gracefully sway in obeisance before the Queen, were ever portions of such ugly birds as these?" Unlikely as it may seem, it is verily from these dirty ill-flavored looking Maraboo storks that this fashionable plumage is procured. Close by, sitting upon a stone, we see the melancholy-looking heron, and the audacious sparrows hop within a foot of his legs, so inanimate he seems. Ah! it is the vile deceit of the bird: In an instant he has stricken the intruder with his bill, and the next he has disappeared down his throat. That elegant gray crane is the "native companion" from Australia, so called from his love of consorting with man in that country. We all know what familiars cranes and storks are in Holland and in the East, where they build on the chimney-pots without the slightest fear, and we are glad to find that they possess the same confidence in the savages of the New World. They are handsome birds, but not so richly plumed as the European crane, with his black and white feathers and full-clustered tail. Once these cranes were common here, when "England was merrie England" — that is, before windmills and steam-engines were set to work to rescue many counties from a state of marsh. With civilization they utterly disappeared from the land, and with civilization we once more find them amongst us — a sight to gaze at. Not long since the odd population of this paddock embraced a secretary-bird, whose velvet breeches, light stockings, and reserved air, gave him an official appearance worthy of Somerset House in the last century. Take, care, little girl, how you feed them; a charge with fixed bayonets is scarcely more formidable than the rush of sharp long bills through the railings which immediately follows a display of provisions.

A few steps take us to the magnificent aviary, 170 feet in length, constructed in



1851, through the 19 divisions of which a pure stream of water is constantly flowing, and the space enclosed by iron netting is so spacious that the birds have room freely to use their wings. The first compartment contains two of the rarities of the Gardens—the satin bower-bird and the Tallagulla or brush-turkey. The former, a bird of a shining blue-black color, is the only remaining one of three brought to this country in 1849. Immediately upon their arriving in the Gardens they commenced the construction of one of their bowers or “runs,” which, according to Mr. Mitchell, has been constantly added to and re-arranged from that period to the present time. The bower is perhaps one of the most extraordinary things in bird-architecture, as it is constructed not for the useful purpose of containing the young, but purely as a playing place—a decorated ball-room, in fact, wherein the young couple flirt and make love previous to entering upon connubial life. The bower is constructed, in the present instance, from the twigs of an old besom, in the shape of a horseshoe, or perhaps we should convey a better idea of it by stating that the sticks are bent into a shape like the ribs of a man-of-war, the top being open, and the length varying from six to twelve inches. Against the sides and at the entrance of the bower, the bird, in a state of nature, places bright feathers, snail-shells, bleached bones, anything, in fact, containing color. When it is remembered that Australia is the very paradise of parrots and gaudy-plumaged birds, it will be seen that the little artist cannot lack materials to satisfy his taste for ornament; nevertheless, we are told that he goes for a considerable distance for some of his decorations.

When the structure is completed he sits in it to entice the female, fully aware, no doubt, that the fair are attracted by a handsome establishment. Be that as it may, the couple speedily commence running in and out of it, with as much sense, and probably with as much enjoyment, as light-heeled bipeds perform a galop. At the present moment, however, the male bird, bereft of his companions, seems careless of his bower, which is in a most forlorn condition—a ball-room, in fact, a day after a fête. May a new companion speedily arrive and induce him to put his house once more in order! The satin

bower-bird, like the magpie, is well-known by the natives to be a terrible thief; and they always search his abode for any object they may have lost. “I myself,” says Mr. Gould, in his account of these birds, “found at the entrance of one of them a small neatly-worked stone tomahawk of an inch and a half in length, together with some slips of blue cotton rags, which the birds had doubtless picked up at a deserted encampment of the natives.”

Scarcely a less interesting bird is the brush-turkey. In appearance it is very like the common black turkey, but is not quite so large; the extraordinary manner in which its eggs are hatched constitutes its singularity. It makes no nest, in the usual acceptation of the term, but scratches decayed vegetable matter into a pyramid with its feet. It then carefully dibbles in its eggs at regular intervals, with the small end downward, and covers them over with the warm fermenting gatherings. The pair in the Gardens, shortly after they were received from Australia, commenced making one of these hatching-mounds, which, by the time it was finished, contained upwards of four cart-loads of leaves and other vegetable matter. After the female had deposited sixteen eggs, each measuring not less than four inches in length—an enormous size, considering the bulk of the bird—the male began to keep watch over this natural Eccelesion, and every now and then scratched away the rubbish to inspect them. After six weeks of burial, the eggs, in succession, and without any warning, gave up their chicks—not feeble, but full-fledged and strong: an intelligent keeper told us that he had seen one fly up out of the ground at least five feet high. At night the chicks scraped holes for themselves, and lying down therein, were covered over by the old birds, and thus remained until morning. The extraordinary strength of the newly-hatched bird is accounted for by the size of the shell, which contains sufficient nutriment to nourish it until it is lusty. Unfortunately all the young but one have perished through various accidents quite independently of temperature; and the next brood will probably be reared. As both the flesh and the eggs of these birds are delicious, Mr. Mitchell is anxious to naturalize them among us. In fact, one of the objects of the Gardens under the enlightened management of the Secretary is to make it what Bacon calls,

in his "Atlantis," "a tryal place for beasts and fishes." For centuries a system of extermination has been adopted towards many indigenous animals; the wolf and buzzard have quite disappeared, and the eagle is fast being swept away even from the Highlands of Scotland — so rapidly, indeed, that Mr. Gordon Cumming is anxious, we hear, for the formation of a society for the protection of its eggs. Noxious animals have been replaced by the acclimatization of many of the foreign fauna, which are either distinguished for their beauty or valuable for their flesh. This transfer, which adds so much to the richness of the country, can be vastly accelerated through the agency of these Gardens, which are a kind of "tryal ground" for beasts, as the fields of some of our rich agriculturists are for foreign roots and grasses, in which those likely to be of service can be discovered, and afterwards distributed throughout the land.

If we may quote the brush-turkeys as instances of birds capable of affording a new kind of delicate and easily-reared food, the splendid Impegan pheasants, close at hand, bred here from a pair belonging to her Majesty, and which bore, in the open air, the rigor of last winter, may be looked upon as "things of beauty," which may be produced among us to charm the eye. The elands again, on the north side of the Garden, which have bred so prolifically, and made flesh so rapidly, may with advantage be turned out into our parks, where their beautiful forms would prove as attractive to the eye as their venison, of the finest quality, would to the taste.

But we can no longer tarry either to speculate further on the riches of this aviary, which contains rare specimens of birds from all parts of the world. Passing along the path which takes us by the north entrance, we reach the pelicans' paddock, in which we see half a dozen of these ungainly creatures, white and gray, with pouches beneath their bills as capacious as the bag of a lady's work-table. The visitor may sometimes have an opportunity of witnessing an explanation of the popular myth that the old bird feeds its young from the blood of its own breast. This idea arose from the fact that it can only empty the contents of its pouch into the mouths of its young by pressing it against its breast, in the act of doing which the feathers often became insanguined from the blood of the mangled fish within it. The close observance of birds and beasts in zoological collections has tended to reduce many fabulous tales to sober reason. On the other side of the walk may be seen in immature plumage one of the red flamingoes from South America, which are said to simulate so closely a regiment of our soldiers, as they stand in rows fishing beside the banks of rivers; and here, too, are

the delicate rose-color specimens of the Mediterranean, which are likewise exceedingly beautiful. Those accustomed to navigate the Red Sea frequently witness vast flights of these birds passing and repassing from Arabia to Egypt; and we are informed by a traveller that on one occasion, when he had a good opportunity of measuring the column, he convinced himself that it was upwards of a mile in length! What a splendid spectacle to see the pure eastern sky barred by this moving streak of brilliant color.

But we have not yet explored the north side of the grounds, where the huge pachydermatous animals are lodged. The difficulty caused by the carriage-drive running between the two gardens has been vanquished by means of the tunnel, the ascent from which on the opposite side, flanked as it is with graceful ferns, is one of the most charming portions of the grounds on a hot summer's day. If after passing through the subterranean passage we turn to the right, we come immediately upon the reptile-house. Unless the visitor selects his time, he will generally find little to amuse him here. The great snakes have either retired from public life under their blankets, or lie coiled upon the branches of the trees in their dens. The reptiles are offered food once a week, but will not always feed even at this interval. One huge python fasted the almost incredible time of twenty-two months, having probably prepared himself for his abstinence by a splendid gorge. After a fast of seven days, however, the majority of the serpents regain their appetites. Three o'clock is the feeding time, and the reptiles which are on the lookout seem to know full well the errand of the man who enters with the basket, against the side of which they hear the fluttering wings of the feathered victims and the short stamp of the doomed rabbits. The keeper opens the door at the back of the den of the voluminous serpents on our right — for of these there is no fear — takes off their blanket, and drops in upon the clattering pebbles a scampering rabbit, who hops from side to side, curious to inspect his new habitation; presently satisfied, he sits on his haunches and leisurely begins to wash his face. Silently the rock-snake glides over the stones, uncurling his huge folds, which like a cable seem to move as though by some agency from without, looks for an instant upon his unconscious victim, and the next has seized him with his cruel jaws. His constricting folds are twisted as swiftly as a whip-lash round his shrieking prey, and for ten minutes the serpent lies still, maintaining his mortal knot until his prey is dead, when, seizing him by the ears, he draws him through his vice-like grip, crushing every bone, and elongating the

body preparatory to devouring it. The boa and the rock-snake always swallow their prey head foremost. How is that fine neck and delicate head to make room for that bulky rabbit? thinks the spectator. Presently he sees the jaws gape, and slowly the reptile *draws himself over*, rather than swallows, his prey, as you draw a stocking upon your leg. The huge lump descends lower and lower beneath the speckled scales, which seem to stare with distention, and the monster coils himself up once more to digest his meal in quiet. Rabbits and pigeons form the food of the pythons in these Gardens. While the smaller birds are preyed upon in the reptile-house, their big brothers, the storks in the paddock, are reciprocating the law of nature by eating snakes. As we pass to the opposite side of the serpent-room, where the venomous kinds are kept, we perceive that a more cautious arrangement is made for feeding. The door opens at the top instead of at the sides of their dens, and with good reason, for no sooner does the keeper remove with a crooked iron rod the blanket from the cobra, than the reptile springs, with inflated hood, into an S-like attitude, and darts laterally at his enemy. It seems incapable of striking well any object above or below his level: watch, for instance, that guinea-pig; again and again he dashes at it, but misses his aim; now he hits it, but only to drive the poor frightened creature with a score of flying pebbles before him: when at last he succeeds in piercing the sides of his victim, tetanic spasms immediately commence, and it dies convulsed in a few seconds. It is said by those who have watched venomous snakes that the manner of dying exhibited by their stricken prey discloses the nature of the reptile that inflicted the poisoned wound. It is scarcely necessary to state that the popular idea that the tongue darts forth the venom is a fallacy. The poison is contained in glands which lie at the root of the fangs on either side, and, by the compression of the powerful muscles which make the head appear so broad and flat, it is forced into the fine tube which runs at the sides of the fang, and finds its exit near the point by a minute opening. The cobra at present in the collection, with its skin a glossy black and yellow, its eye black and angry, its motions agile and graceful, seems to be the very personification of India. As we watch it when ready to spring, we suddenly remember that only a film of glass stands between us and "pure death." But there is nothing to fear; the python in the adjoining room, which weighs a hundred and twenty pounds, being incensed on his first arrival at being removed from his box, darted with all his force at a spectator. Yet the

pane of glass had strength enough to bring him up, and he fell back so bruised about the head and muzzle by the collision, that he could not feed well for several months. The cobra that we see is the same that destroyed its keeper. In a fit of drunkenness, the man, against express orders, took the reptile out, and, placing its head inside his waistcoat, allowed it to glide round his body. When it had emerged from under his clothes from the other side, apparently in good humor, he squeezed its tail, when it struck him between his eyes; in twenty minutes his consciousness was gone, and in less than three hours he was dead. Before we leave this reptile-room, let us peep for a moment into the little apartment opening from the corner, where hanging from the wall we see all the cast-off dresses of the serpents. If the keeper will allow us to handle one of them for a moment, we shall see that it is indeed an entire suit of light brown color and of gauzy texture, which covered not only the body and head, but the very eyeballs of the wearer.

The Python-house on the other side of the Museum contains two enormous serpents. The adventures of one of them — the *Python reticulatus* — deserve to be written: when small enough to be placed in the pocket, he was, with a companion now no more, taken from Ceylon to Brazil by American sailors; they were then exhibited in most of the maritime towns of South America, and were publicly sold for a high price at Callao to the captain of a ship, who brought them to the Gardens, and demanded £600 for the pair: fully persuaded of their enormous value, he had paid £30 to insure them on the voyage, and it was not until he had long and painfully cogitated that he agreed to sell them for £40. We have before referred to the extraordinary length of time a python has been known to fast without injury. Their fancies as well as their fastings are rather eccentric. Every one has heard of the snake who swallowed his blanket, a meal which ultimately killed him. A python who had lived for years in a friendly manner with a brother nearly as large as himself, was found one morning *solus*. As the cage was secure, the keepers were puzzled to know how the serpent had escaped: at last it was observed that the remaining inmate had swollen remarkably during the night, when the horrid fact became plain enough; the fratricide had succeeded in swallowing the entire person of his brother: it was his last meal, however, for in some months he died. A friend informs us that he once saw in these Gardens a rat-snake of Ceylon devour a common coluber natrix. The rat-snake, however, had not taken the measure of his

victim, as by no effort could he dispose of the last four inches of his tail, which stuck out rather jauntily from the side of his mouth, with very much the look of a cigar. After a quarter of an hour, the tail began to exhibit a retrograde motion, and the swallowed snake was disgorged, nothing the worse for his living sepulchre, with the exception of the wound made by his partner when first he seized him. The ant-eater, who lately inhabited the room leading out of the Python apartment, has died of a want of ants.

As we issue again into the open air, we have before us the whole length of the avenue, arched with lime-trees, in summer a veritable isle of verdure. What a charming picture it used to be to see the docile elephant pacing towards us with ponderous and majestic steps, whilst, in the scarlet howdha, happy children swayed from side to side as she marched. She, who was our delight for so many years, died in July last of a storm of thunder and lightning. Such indeed was what may seem at first the singular verdict of the medical man who made his *post-mortem*. The terror, however, inspired by the storm appears to have produced some nervous disease, under which she succumbed. There is a suspicion that the carcase, five thousand pounds and upwards in weight, which was disposed of to the knackers, ultimately found its way to the sausage-makers. Do not start, good reader; elephant's flesh is considered excellent eating by the tribes of South Africa, and the lion-slayer tells us that the feet are a true delicacy. He used to eat them as we do Stilton cheese, scooping out the interior and leaving the rind; he shows his audience some of these relics, which look like huge leather fire-buckets. And now we have only the young animal left that used to suck his huge mother, to the delight of the crowd of children, and to the disgust of the rhinoceros, who is the sworn enemy to all elephants. The little one is growing apace, however, and we hope soon to see him promoted to carry the deserted howdha. The rhinoceros, close at hand, is the successor of the fine old fellow purchased in 1836 for £1050, the largest sum ever given by the Society for a single animal. The specimen now in the Gardens cost only £350 in 1850, so much do these commodities fluctuate in value. His predecessor, who departed this life full of years, was constantly forced upon his belly by a pugnacious elephant, who pressed his tusks upon the back of his neighbor when he came near the palings which separated their enclosures. This rough treatment appears to have led to his death, as Professor Owen found, on dissecting the massive brute, which weighed upwards of two tons, that the seventh rib had been fractured at the

bend near the vertebral end, and had wounded the left lung.

Not far from the picturesque house built by Decimus Burton, in one of the cages fronting the office of the superintendent of the Gardens, is to be seen a beaver. The wonderful instinct of this little animal is certainly not inferior to that of the huge elephant. As yet he has not been placed in circumstances to enable the public to witness his building capacities; but it is the intention, we understand, of the council to give him a stream of running water, and the requisite materials to construct one of those extraordinary dams for which this animal is so famous. In Canada, where he used to flourish, the backwoodsmen often came upon hill-sides completely cleared of good-sized trees by colonies of these little creatures, who employed the felled timber to construct their dams—dams, not of a few feet in length, but sometimes of a hundred and fifty feet, built according to the best engineering formula for resisting the pressure of water, namely, in an angle with its apex pointed up the stream, and gradually narrowing from base to summit. In short, Mr. Brunel himself could not outdo your beaver in his engineering operations. Even in confinement this sagacious Rodent loves to display his skill, as we may learn from Mr. Broderip's account of his pet Binney:

"Its building instinct," says that accomplished naturalist, "showed itself immediately it was let out of its cage, and materials were placed in its way, and this before it had been a week in its new quarters. Its strength, even before it was half grown, was great. It would drag along a large sweeping-brush, or a warming-pan, grasping the handle with its teeth, so that the load came over its shoulder, and advancing in an oblique direction till it arrived at the part where it wished to place it. The long and large materials were always taken first; and two of the longest were generally laid cross-wise, with one of the ends of each touching the wall, and their other ends projecting out into the room. The area caused by the cross brushes and the wall he would fill up with hand-brushes, rush-baskets, books, boots, sticks, cloths, dried turf, or anything portable. As the work grew high, he supported himself on his tail, which propped him up admirably; and he would often, after laying on one of his building materials, sit up over against it, appearing to consider his work, or, as the country people say, 'judge it.' This pause was sometimes followed by changing the position of the materials, and sometimes they were left in their place. After he had piled up his materials in one part of the room (for he generally chose the same place), he proceeded to wall up the space between the feet of a chest of drawers which stood at a little distance from it, high enough on its legs to make the bottom a roof for him, using for this pur-



pose dried turf and sticks, which he laid very even, and filling up the interstices with bits of coal, hay, cloth, or anything he could pick up; the last place he seemed to appropriate for his dwelling, the former work seemed intended for a dam. When had walled up the space between the feet of the chest of drawers, he proceeded to carry in sticks, cloths, hay, cotton, and to make a nest; and when he had done he would sit up under the drawers, and comb himself with the nails of his hind feet."

Well done, Binney! If the beaver in the Garden will only work out his natural instincts as perfectly, we may expect some amusement. Up to a late period the beaver had become rather a scarce animal, the exigencies of fashion having nearly exterminated him. When silk hats came in, however, the annual slaughter of hundreds of thousands of his race, for the sake of the fur, gradually slackened, and now he is beginning to increase in his native retreats, — a singular instance this of the fashions of Paris and London affecting the very existence of a prolific race of animals in the New World! In the very next compartment is a hare, who for years played the tambourine in the streets of the metropolis, but his master, finding that his performances did not draw, exchanged him at these Gardens for a monkey; and now, whilst he eats his greens in peace, poor Jacko, in a red cloak and a feathered cap, has probably to earn his daily bread by mimicking humanity on the top of a barrel-organ. But the hippopotamus surges into his bath in the enclosure as we pause, and there is a rush of visitors to see the mighty brute performing his ablutions. He no longer gives audience to all the fair and fashionable folks of the town. Alas for the greatness of this world! the soldier-crab and the Esop prawn now draw better "houses." Whether or no this desertion has embittered his temper, we cannot say; but he has certainly lost his amiability, notwithstanding that he still retains the humorous curl-up of the corners of his mouth which Doyle used to hit off so imitatively. At times, indeed, he is perfectly furious, and his vast strength has necessitated the reconstruction of his house on a much stronger plan. Those only who have seen him rush with extended jaws at the massive oaken door of his apartment, returning again and again to the charge, and making the solid beams quiver as though they were only of inch deal, can understand the dangerous fits which now and then are exhibited by a creature who was so gentle when he made his *début* that he could not go to sleep without having his Arab keeper's feet to lay his neck upon. This affection for his nurse has undergone a great change, for, on Hamet's coun-

tryman and coadjutor, Mohammed, making his second appearance with the young female hippopotamus, Obaysch very nearly killed him in the violence of his rage. He has a peculiar dislike to the sight of working-men, especially if they are employed in doing any jobs about his apartment. The smith of the establishment happening to be passing the other day along the iron gallery which runs across one side of his bath, the infuriated animal leapt out of the water, at least eight feet high, and would speedily have pulled the whole construction down, had not the man run rapidly out of his sight. We trust his temper will improve when his young bride in the adjoining room is presented to him; but she is as yet but a baby behemoth, although growing fast. The enormously strong iron railings in front of his apartments are essential to guard against the rushes he sometimes makes at persons he does not like. Look at that huge mouth, opened playfully to receive tit-bits! What is a bun or a biscuit to him? Down that huge throat goes one hundred pounds weight of provender daily. Surely the dragon of Wantley had not such a gullet.

The giraffes in the adjoining apartment have been in the Gardens so long that they are no longer thought a rarity; but it should be remembered that the four procured in 1835 from Khordofan, by the agent of the Society, were, like the hippopotamus, the first ever exhibited in Europe since the days of ancient Rome. Of these only one female now remains; but very many have been bred in the Gardens, and have continued in excellent health. At the present moment three of their progeny are housed in the apartment we are entering. The finest, a male, is a noble fellow, standing nearly seventeen feet high. When he strides out into the enclosure, high up as the trees are protected by boarding, he yet manages to browse as in his African forests, and it is then that the visitor sees the full beauty of the beast, which is lost in the house. The giraffe, in spite of his mild and melancholy look, which reminds us forcibly of the camel, yet fights ferociously with his kind at certain seasons of the year. Two males once battled here so furiously that the horn of one of them was actually driven into the head of the other. Their method of fighting is very peculiar: stretching out their fore and hind legs like a rocking-horse, they use their heads as a blacksmith would a sledge-hammer, and, swinging the vertebral column in a manner calculated, one would think, to break it, they bring the full force of the horns to bear upon their antagonist's skull. The blow is severe in the extreme, and every precaution is taken to prevent these conflicts.

As we pass along a narrow corridor in which the ostriches are confined, we reach at length the last inhabitant of the Garden, and the most curious creature, perhaps, which it contains. If the keeper is at hand, he will open the door of the box in which it lives, and drive out for us the bewildered-looking apteryx—the highest representative, according to Professor Owen, of the warm-blooded class of animals that lived in New Zealand previous to the advent of man. Strange and chaotic-looking as are most of the living things brought from Australia and the adjacent islands, this creature is certainly the oddest of the bird class, and is, we believe, the only one ever seen out of New Zealand. As it vainly runs into the corners and tries to hide itself from the light of day, we perceive that it is wingless and tailless; it looks, in short, like a hedgehog mounted upon the dwarfed yet powerful legs of an ostrich, whilst its long bill, which seems as though it had been borrowed from a stork, is employed when the bird leans forward, to support it, just as an old man uses a stick. This strange creature seems to hold among the feathered bipeds of Polynesia a parallel position to the New Holland mole (*Ornithorhynchus paradoxicus*)—which possesses the bill and webbed feet of a duck with the claws of a land animal—among the quadrupeds. Mr. Gould remarks, that nature affords an appropriate vegetation to each class of animal life. Our universal mother seems to have matched her Flora to her Fauna in this portion of the globe; at least the paradoxical creatures we have mentioned seem in happy accord with Australian vegetation, where the stones grow outside the cherries, and the pear-shaped fruits depend from the branch with their small ends downwards! The apteryx is entirely nocturnal in its habits, pursuing its prey in the ground by smell rather than by sight, to enable it to do which the olfactory openings are placed near the point of the beak. Thus the bird scents the worm on which it feeds far below the surface of the ground. We must not regard the apteryx as an exceptional creature, but rather as the type of a large class of birds peculiar to the islands of New Zealand, which have been destroyed, like the dodo in the Mauritius, since the arrival of man. Professor Owen, long before the apteryx arrived in England, pronounced that a single bone found in some New Zealand water-course had belonged to a wingless, tailless bird, that stood at least twelve feet high.\*

\* The great merit of this inference may be judged from the circumstance that several eminent naturalists, out of an honest regard to the reputation of Professor Owen, endeavored to prevent the publication of the paper in which, with the sure sagacity of scientific genius, he confidently announced the fact.

This scientific conjecture has lately been transformed into a certainty by the discovery of a number of bones, which demonstrate that several species of Moas once roamed among the fern-clad islands which stud the bright Polynesian Ocean. These bones have been found mixed with those of the apteryx, which thus becomes linked to a race of mysterious creatures which, it is supposed, have long passed away, although a tale is told—an American one, it is true—of an Englishman having come across a dinornis, whilst out on its nocturnal rambles, and of his having fled from it with as much terror as though it had been a griffin of old.

Our walk through the Gardens has only enabled us to take a cursory glance at a few of the 1300 mammals, birds, and reptiles at present located there: but the duty of the zoologist is to dwell minutely on each. To such these Gardens have, for the last twenty-six years, been a very fountain-head of information. During that time a grand procession of animal life, savage and wild, has streamed through them, and for the major part have gone to that "bourne from which no traveller returns." Let us rank them, and pass them before us:

Quadrumana . . . . .	1069
Carnivora . . . . .	1409
Rodentia . . . . .	1025
Pachydermata . . . . .	204
Ruminantia . . . . .	1098
Marsupialia . . . . .	219
Reptilia . . . . .	1861
Aves . . . . .	7320

—making a total of 14,205. Out of this large number many curious animals have doubtless left no trace; but through the care of Mr. Mitchell, no rare specimen has died within these five years at least, without previously sitting for his portrait. The first part of the valuable collection of colored drawings, from the inimitable pencil of Mr. Wolf, accompanied by a description from the pen of Mr. Mitchell, the editor of the work, is just published, under the title of "Zoological Sketches, &c.," and the others will speedily follow. The work, when completed, will be unique in the annals of zoology, both for the extreme beauty of the drawings, which may be said to daguerreotype the subjects in their most characteristic attitudes, and for the nature of the letter-press, which proves that the editor has written from the life.

This splendid collection has been got together by presents, purchase, breeding, and exchanges. Out of the 14,205 specimens, however, which have been in the possession of the Society, scarcely a tithe were bought. The Queen, especially, has been most gen-

erous in her presents, and the stream of barbaric offerings in the shape of lions, tigers, leopards, &c., which is continually flowing from tropical princes to the fair Chief of the nation, is poured into these Gardens. Her Majesty evidently pays no heed to the superstition once common among the people, that a dynasty was only safe as long as the lions flourished in the royal fortress. In fact, the Gardens are a convenience to our gracious Monarch as well as to her subjects; for wild animals are awkward things to have in one's back premises. Neither must we overlook the reproduction which has taken place in the Gardens; to such an extent, indeed, has the stock increased, that sales to a large amount are annually made. The system of exchanges which exists between the various British and Continental Societies helps to supply the Garden with deficient specimens in place of duplicates. Very rare, and consequently expensive, animals are generally purchased. Thus, the first rhinoceros cost £1000; the four giraffes, £700, and their carriage an additional £700. The elephant and calf were bought in 1851 for £800; and the hippopotamus, although a gift, was not brought home and housed at less than £1000—a sum which he more than realized in the famous Exhibition season, when the receipts were £10,000 above the previous year. The lion Albert was purchased for £140; a tiger in 1852 for £200. The value of some of the smaller birds will appear, however, more startling: thus, the pair of black-necked swans were purchased for £80 (they are now to be seen in the three-island pond); a pair of crowned pigeons and two males, £60; a pair of Victoria pigeons, £35; four mandarin ducks, £70. Most of these rare birds (now in the great aviary) came from the Knowsley collection, at the sale of which, in 1851, purchases were made to the extent of £985. It would be impossible from these prices, however, to judge of the present value of the animals. Take the rhinoceros, for example: the first specimen cost £1000, the second, quite as fine a brute, only £350. Lions range again from £40 to £180, and tigers from £40 to £500. The price is generally ruled by the state of the wild-beast market and by the intrinsic rarity of the creature. A first appearance in Europe of course is likely to draw, and is therefore at the top price; but it is wonderful how demand produces supply. Let any rare animal bring a crowd to the Gardens, and in a twelvemonth numbers of his brethren will be generally in the market. The ignorance displayed by some persons as to the value of well-known objects is something marvellous. We have already spoken of the sea-captain who demanded £600 for a pair of pythons,

and at last took £40! On another occasion an American offered the Society a grizzly bear for £2000, to be delivered in the United States; and, more laughable still, a moribund walrus, which had been fed for nine weeks on salt pork and meal, was offered for the trifling sum of £700!

We could go on multiplying *ad nauseam* instances of this kind, but must conclude the catalogue of absurdities by stating that there is a firm belief on the part of many persons that it is the Zoological Society which has proposed the large reward, which every one has heard of, for the tortoise-shell Tom. "The only one ever known" has been offered accordingly at the exceedingly low figure of £250. On one occasion a communication was received from some person of consideration in Thuringia, requesting to be informed of the amount of the proffered prize which he was about to claim. This was shortly followed by a letter from another person, evidently written in a fury, cautioning the Society against giving the prize to the previous writer, as he was not the breeder of the cat, but was only trying to buy it for less than its value, "in which he would never succeed as long as the true breeder lived." To prevent further applications on the behalf of growers of this unique animal, we may as well state that tortoise-shell Toms may be had in many quarters. There is one\* for sale at the present moment at Dudley for a very moderate price, if any of our maiden lady readers should wish to possess an animal which "everybody says" is so exceedingly rare.

We have said that the value of animals depends upon the state of the wild-beast market. "Wild-beast market!" exclaims the reader; "and where can that be?" Every one knows that London can furnish anything for money, and, if any lady or gentleman wants lions or tigers, there are dealers in Ratcliffe Highway and the adjacent parts who have them on the premises, and will sell them at five minutes' notice. They "talk as familiarly of lions as ladies do of puppy dogs;" and a gentleman, who purchased a bear of one of them, lately informed us that the salesman coolly proposed that he should take him home with him in a cab! We once had occasion to visit the establishment of one of these dealers, and were shown up a ladder into a cockloft, where, hearing a bumping, and perceiving a lifting motion in a trapdoor, we inquired the reason, which called forth the dry remark that it was only three lions at play in a box below. Although these men generally

\* The proprietor wished to show him, we are informed, at the Birmingham cattle-show, as extra stock, but was not permitted to do so by the rules, to his great chagrin.

manage to secure their live stock in a satisfactory manner, yet accidents will occur in the best-regulated lion-stores. A wild-beast merchant, for instance, informed us that one night he was awakened by his wife, who drew his attention to a noise in the back-yard, where he had placed two lions on the previous evening. On putting his head out of the window—his room was on the ground-floor—there were the lions, loose, and, with their paws on the window-sill, looking grimly in upon him. A good whip and a determined air consigned Leo to his cage again without further trouble. On another occasion this same man, hearing a noise in his back premises, found to his horror that an elephant, with his pick-lock trunk, had let out a hyæna and a nyghau from their cages, and was busy undoing the fastenings of a denfull of lions! The same resolute spirit, however, soon restored order. Amateurs have not always the same courage or self-possession, and they immediately have recourse to the Garden folks to get them out of their difficulties, as a housekeeper would send to the station-house on finding a burglar secreted in his cellar. On one occasion a gentleman, who had offered a rattle-snake and its young to the Gardens at a high price, sent suddenly to the superintendent to implore immediate assistance, as the said snake, with half a score venomous offspring, had escaped from their box and scattered themselves in his nursery. The possessor, to avoid worse losses, was only too glad to be rid of his guests at any pecuniary sacrifice.

We cannot close our survey without touching upon the cost of the commissariat. The slaughtered beasts appropriated to the carnivora, we have before stated, cost in the year 1854 no less a sum than £1367 19s. 5d. If we go through the other items of food, we shall give some notion of the expense and the variety of the banquet to which the animals daily sat down during that year. Thus we see hay figures for £912 14s.; corn, seeds, &c., £700 8s. 8d.; bread, buns, &c. (for the monkeys), £150 16s. 8d.; eggs, £87 4s. 1d. (for the ant-eater principally); milk, £69 6s. 2d.; mangold-wurzel, carrots, and turnips, £22 6s.; dog-biscuit, £135 19s.

10d. (for the bears and wolves and dogs chiefly); fish (for the otters, seal, pelicans, &c.), £214 8s. 8d.; green tares, £23 16s. 8d.; rabbits and pigeons (for the snakes), £33 13s. 2d.; rice and oil-cake, £66 15s.; sundries, including fruit, vegetables, grass-hoppers, snakes, mealworms, figs, sugar, &c. (for the birds principally), £157 1s. 11d.: making a total of £3942 8s. 3d.; a great increase on the food bill of 1853, and which is caused entirely by the advance of prices.

The pitch of excellence to which the Gardens have arrived has naturally resulted in drawing the increased attention of the public towards them. We have only to contrast, for instance, the number of people who entered in the year 1848—the first in which a more liberal system of management came into play—with those who passed in 1854, to see that the establishment flourishes under the auspices of the new secretary; for while in the former year only 142,456 persons passed through the turnstiles, the number had risen in the latter to 407,676. It is interesting to observe that, although an increase of full 100 per cent. took place upon the privileged and ordinary shilling visitors during that interval, yet that the reduction of the admittance-charge to sixpence on Mondays and holidays was the main cause of the gradual influx of visitors—the year 1848 showing only 60,566 admittances of these holiday folks and working-people to 196,278 in 1854. Here, then, we have an increase of 135,712 persons, many of whom were, no doubt, rescued, on those days at least, from the fascinations of the public-house. With all this flood of life, the greater portion of it undoubtedly belonging to the laboring-classes, not the slightest injury has been done to the Gardens. A flower or two may have been picked, but not by that class of Englishmen who were once thought too brutal to be allowed access unwatched to any public exhibition. Every year that passes over our heads proves that such shows as these are splendid examples of the method of teaching introduced by Bell and Lancaster; that they furnish instruction of a nature which is never forgotten, and which refines at the same time that it delights.

**ACCIDENTAL POISONING.**—The lamentable sacrifice of three lives by poison at Dingwall is now explained. The man-servant had been sent into the garden to pull some horse-radish; by mistake he got roots of monkshood—*aconitum napellus*, an acrid and deadly poison. Of these roots, grated, the cook appears to have made sauce for roast beef; the party of gentlemen at Provost M'Iver's house partook of this. After

dinner they began to complain of illness. Mr. Macdonald left the house for a walk: this exertion, and a robust constitution, appear to have saved him. The two Roman Catholic clergymen, Mr. Mackenzie and Mr. Gordon, and Mr. Mackenzie of Findon, soon sank under the effects of the poison. Mr. M'Iver was kept walking about the house, and his life also was saved. — *Spectator*.



From Household Words.

## A KING WHO COULD DO WRONG.

It had been too much the custom to look on James the First as a mere buffoon. Sir Walter Scott, with the chivalrous feeling of a cavalier, came to his rescue, and elevated him to the dignity of a pedant. He endowed him with good humor, wit, and the easy familiarity which makes monarchs and great men so popular. Then came other inquirers, and rummaged amidst the records of contemporary sycophancy, and found sermons declaring him to be a British Solomon, and dedications of learned books pronouncing him to be the best of scholars, and most elegant of writers. He was evidently on the rise. Had we been mistaken all this time? and was he indeed the wise and just and accomplished prince, whom court chaplains could only parallel in the line of Hebrew kings? His leafy honors were blushing thick about him, till one day comes a frost, a biting frost. A certain laborious lawyer, by name Mr. Pitcairn, ransacks all the legal proceedings of his reign, gives transcripts of trials, the very words of the accusations, and the sentences of the jury; and the man stands confest the most bloodthirsty, greedy, and contemptible of all recorded kings. How a monster of such cruelty could be laughed at, however absurd his manner and appearance; how a mountebank so grotesque could be feared, however vindictive and tyrannical, is one of the problems which carry us back to the times of Nero, when senate and people applauded his wretched performances on the flute, and trembled at the slightest movement of his hand. It was again possible to fear and to despise at the same time.

We will cull a few examples of the mingled meanness and ferocity which produced these incongruous results.

On the 10th of October, in the year 1600, a merchant burgess of Edinburgh was put on his trial by the king's express command. His crime had been so great that monarchy itself was endangered by it; and the great heart of the Scottish ruler was agitated with the fate of kings.

Francis Tennant was arraigned in the following words:

"Ye are indited and accused for the false, malicious, undutiful writing and dispersing of slanderous, calumnious, and reproachful letters, to the dishonor of the king's majesty,

his most noble progenitors, council, and proceedings, and stirring up of sedition and contempt in the hearts of his subjects against his majesty,—which letters ye laid down in the kirk of Edinburgh, to the effect the same might have fallen in the hands of the people; thereby to bring his majesty in contempt, and stir up his people to sedition and disobedience, expressly against the laws against lesing makers, and authors of seditious and infamous speeches and writings. Which ye cannot deny, like as ye have confest the same by two several depositions subscribed with your hand."

All the researches of the careful compiler of these trials have failed in getting a copy of the "pasquils" in which Francis Tennant had signalized his wit. From some vague entries in one of the registers, he believes they must have contained some severe innuendos on the birth of the king, calling him the son of Signor Davie, by which name Rizzio was commonly known. But whatever the satire might have been, the publication can have done no great harm, as it consisted in dropping two letters on the church floor, which seem to have been immediately picked up before they fell into the hands of the people. Francis Tennant made confession of authorship, and put himself, as it was called, in the king's will—that is, threw himself on the royal clemency, after pleading that the crime occurred three years before, and that he had not been served with a copy of the accusation. He also alluded to a noble sentence in the Roman law, which it is a pleasure to quote.

In the chapter, *Si quis Imperatori Male-dixerit*, the decision is this, "If the evil speaking proceeded from levity, it is to be despised; if from madness, it is to be pitied; if from a sense of wrong, it is to be forgiven." But whether in this case it proceeded from levity, or madness, or a sense of wrong, the king was determined on his revenge. He wrote a warrant to the court to pronounce doom on Francis Tennant. Read the bitter words and remember the offence:

"Justice, Justice-clerk, and your Deputes We greet you well. It is our will, and we command you, that upon the sight hereof ye pronounce the doom following upon Francis Tennant, burgess of Edinburgh, after his conviction of the forging and casting down of seditious pasquils—that is to say, That he shall be taken to the market-cross of Edinburgh, and his tongue cut out at the root;

and that there shall be a paper fixed upon his brow bearing that he is convicted for forging and giving out of certain vile and seditious pasquills, detracting us and our most noble progenitors; and thereafter that he be taken to the gallows and hanged till he be dead, as ye will answer to us upon your offices and obedience. Whereanent these presents shall be your warrant."

This was dated the 23d of September. In three or four days, calmer and softer thoughts came into the king's mind. He reflected, probably, on the length of time which had occurred since the pasquinade was written, or the sufferings of the poor author during his long imprisonment; and—generous, noble James!—he writes on the 27th to his subservient judges "that they are to omit the tongue-cutting, and merely hang the culprit—eschenting his goods to the crown." Ay, here is the moving power in all the interferences of this exemplary sovereign with the course of justice. Mr. Pitcairn, who defends the king's character wherever he can, gives him up here. "Independently of his wounded kingly dignity," he says, "the wealthy burgess' *escheat* had proved too great a bait to James' cupidity to admit of his passing scot-free."

What the arena, with the excitement of its gladiatorial combats, was to the Roman emperors, the courts of law were to the son of Signor Davie. He seems to have watched them with the keen interest with which Caligula may have observed the struggles of a Christian martyr in the grasp of a tiger. He was perpetually in a fidget till he got his victim condemned. His judges were removable at pleasure, and not displeased with the taste of blood. So king and lawyer were mutually pleased.

One day—it was the 23d of April, 1601—there was excellent sport provided for the Lord's anointed; as he called himself, and the dispensers of justice in the Parliament House. The blood of Francis Tennant was still dripping from his hands, when his wrath was roused by a much greater enormity than the mere publication of a pasquil; an enormity so great, that nothing but the doer's death could expiate the offence. The offence, to be sure, was unpremeditated. It was not even carried into execution; but the man had shewed an intention of committing the crime—he would have completed the dreadful act if he

had not been prevented—and that was enough.

Archibald Cornwall was one of the town officers of Edinburgh. His duties seem to have resembled those of a bailiff at the present time. Some unfortunate tenant had fallen into arrears for rent, and the relentless hand of the law had seized this man's goods—chairs, benches, tables, bed, and, unfortunately for poor Cornwall (who was perhaps no great judge of the fine arts) a "portraiture" of the king. Let us hope it was hideously like, and did justice to the truculent insignificance of expression of the great original. While the worthy official was preparing to dispose of the goods by auction at the market cross, it struck him that if this splendid specimen of painting could be seen by the crowd assembled, he might have a chance of getting a few extra shillings when its turn came to be sold. He therefore got a hammer and a nail, and was in the act of going towards a certain tall, dark, dismal-looking beam which stood close to the rostrum he occupied, for the purpose of hanging the representation of majesty high enough to be viewed by all. What was this tall upright beam, with the projecting arm and the remains of a piece of cord dangling from it in the air? Some friends stopped the auctioneer from making use of the fatal tree. The hammer was put back in its place—the nail left innocuous in the wood. What! is James to be disappointed of his vengeance? Is he to have no blood! Listen to the "dittay," or accusation:

"The which day Archibald Cornwall, one of the town officers of Edinburgh, being entered on pannel, dilated, accused, and pursued for the treasonable and ignominious dishonoring and defaming, so far as in him lay, of our sovereign lord, the King's majesty, by taking of his Highness' portraiture to the public market-place of this burgh, and there shamefully and vilely setting the same to the stoops and upbearers of the gibbet; and in more, and manifest, and treasonable contempt and disdain of his majesty, he stood up upon a board or form beside the said gibbet, and drove a nail therein, so high as he could reach it, and lifted up his Highness' portraiture aforesaid, and held the same upon the gibbet, pressing (intending) to have hung the same thereon, and to have left it there as an ignominious spectacle to the whole world, if he had not been staid by the indignation of the whole people, menacing to stone him to

death, and pulling him perforce from the said gibbet, to stay his treasonable fact as aforesaid."

The jury found the unfortunate man "guilty of setting his Majesty's portrait to the tram or beam of the gibbet, and presenting of the same to be hung high upon a nail infixed in the said gibbet." And then comes the sentence which sent James rejoicing home: "For the which cause the said Justice Depute, by the dempster of the said court, decerned and ordained the said Archibald Cornwall to forfeit life, lands, and goods, (Oho! he was a wealthy man, this bailiff!) and to be taken to the said gibbet, whereupon he intended to hang his Majesty's portrait, and thereon to be hanged till he be dead, and to hang thereupon by the space of twenty-four hours with a paper on his forehead containing that vile crime committed by him."

The careful editor of these curious trials informs us, that James took a deep and active part in the death of this poor man; and that on all occasions the slightest infraction on his personal dignity was never forgiven. Nay, we find as he advanced in years he extended his guardianship of his individual honor to that of his native land. Touch a Scotchman, you had the king for your enemy; and at that time, when all the scum and outpouring of the north forced its way into every cranny and corner of England, his majesty had quite enough to do to restrain the reproaches and sneers and animosities of his new and less obedient subjects. It was with difficulty the Scotch of all ranks and degrees could be protected from personal violence. They were mobbed in theatres, and lampooned in prose and verse. But woe to the lampooner if he were discovered. There was a bloated jester in Whitehall, with a broad Scotch brogue, with the vanity of a woman and the malevolence of a coward, who resented any depreciatory allusions to his ancient kingdom as insults to himself and attacks on his sovereign power. There appeared one day in the streets of Edinburgh a Polish gentleman of the name of Stercoff (Latinized into Stercovius). He travelled in his national garb, as he had probably done in all the other enlightened capitals of Europe; but the Scottish people, with an instinctive persuasion that nobody could visit their cold and inhospitable land without some sinister object, in-

sulted the foreigner wherever he appeared. They hooted him on account of his dress, and of course despised him because he spoke with a foreign accent, and perhaps because he occasionally washed his hands. At all events, they made the man's visit very disagreeable. He revenged himself by the publication of a pamphlet called a *Legend of Reproaches*; and, in it, expressed some very free opinions as to the politeness, the kindness, the civilization of the Scottish nation. The king read the book; and from that hour, the fate of Stercovius was sealed. He had left the country; he was quietly living at home. But he had a king for his enemy, and nothing could save him. An ambassador was sent over to demand his life: money was lavished to bribe compliance: the claimant was King of England. The culprit's native state was anxious to stand well with the successor of Elizabeth; and Stercovius was arrested and hanged! The persecution of this poor man cost his Majesty upwards of six hundred pounds—a great sum in those days—but revenge was sweet; and, if it could be had for nothing, sweeter still. So he applied to the Scotch burghs for the repayment of the coin expended in vindicating the Scottish honor. We looked carefully for the result of this application, and we turned over with some misgivings. We read, and rejoiced greatly that the applicant was foiled. The burghs declared it a national question beyond their jurisdiction, and Stercovius' ghost may perhaps have been soothed by the agonies of grief with which the murderer parted with the "siller." But what! If foreigners are thus punished for aspersing the countrymen of the king, shall one of the Scots themselves turn traitor to the cause of Scottish honor, and revile his auld respected mother, and live! No, no. Call Thomas Ross into court.

Mr. Thomas Ross has been a minister in the Scotch kirk, but has gone to study at Oxford preparatory to being episcopally ordained: a flighty, light-headed man, who has been sometimes in custody of his friends as not quite in his right mind. They should have kept him from pen, ink, and paper; for one day—in his new-found zeal for the English form of Church government, and persuaded, with the absurd vanity common to the half-witted, that his talents would amply redeem any little wrong his enmity might do

to his countrymen, and that even the king would be pleased with so witty, so deep, so learned an adversary—he affixed on the great door of Saint Mary's, in the High Street, a thesis, as was the custom in those days, containing most dreadful propositions, as we shall afterwards see. The vice-chancellor, if he had been a sensible man, would have laughed at them and said no more. But he was probably in hopes of a bishopric, being a toady of the largest size. He accordingly sent up the awful paper to Whitehall. The king rubbed his hands; there was another unhappy man to be punished. He sent down to Oxford; he hired a vessel at London Bridge; he sent the much-bewildered author of the thesis down to Edinburgh, with a letter to the judges to condemn him as soon as they could, and keep him in the iron cage in the mean time. He was too valuable a bird to be allowed to escape. Poor, silly, vain, ridiculous Mr. Thomas! Why did n't you stay quietly in your small manse at Cargill, and not mix yourself up in the great questions of Church and State? For this is your indictment:

"Ye are dilated of the devilish and detestable forging, feigning, and blasphemous uttering, and by writ publicly exposing of a villanous, infamous, and devilish writ, all written with your own hand, concerning a pasquil, or thesis; together with ten several abominable articles, or appendices, confirming the same; that all Scotsmen ought to be thrust forth of the court of England (excepting his gracious Majesty and his son, and a very few others); and that the Englishmen are mightily blinded and deceived (although quick-sighted otherwise), that they should suffer such an unprofitable and pernicious multitude, and filthy offscourings of people, to rage and domineer within their entrails and bowels, &c. &c."

What could Thomas say? He grinned a foolish grin or two, we may suppose, and confessed his crime: said he was in one of his fits of insanity at the time—inops mentis, the Oxford scholar called it—and that he was very sorry for what he had done. Most people would have been satisfied with this excuse. But the king—let us see what conduct he pursued. The half "daft" prisoner is, of course, found guilty in terms of his own confession; under what threats or promises obtained, the record sayeth not; and sent back to his miserable prison till his

Majesty's pleasure could be known. His Majesty's pleasure was soon too widely known by means of the following sentence:

"September 10, 1618. The Justice conform to a warrant and direction of his Majesty, by the mouth of the dempster of court, ordained the said Maister Thomas to be taken to the market-cross of Edinburgh, and there upon a scaffold, first his right hand to be struck off, and thereafter his head to be struck from his body; and his head to be thereafter affixed on an iron spike upon the Nether-Bow Port; and his said right hand to be also affixed on the West Port of the said burgh of Edinburgh; and his whole moveable goods and gear (if any he has) to be escheat to his Majesty's use, as convict and culpable of the said heinous crime."

The letter of the king is still extant, though the lord advocate of the time, willing enough to be the instrument of the cruelty, made great efforts to have the record of the whole transaction expunged from the Books of Session. But a careful picker-up of remarkable incidents at the time took duplicates of all the proceedings, and in an obscure corner of the library of the Faculty was discovered a manuscript containing everything; the blood-thirsty instructions of the king, the words of the accusation, and, most curious of all, the very Thesis, with all its ten propositions which the insane Scotchman fixed up upon St. Mary's door. That noble church, in the noblest of streets, with thousands of the youth of England pouring into it when the bell rings on Sunday morning, are there any who look upon the solemn gateway and remember that an awful tragedy took its beginning on that spot? A single student saw the paper, and tore it down; he carried it to the vice-chancellor before another eye than his own had time to rest on the madly scribbled document; and Thomas Ross died a death of great suffering. His family were disgraced and ruined; the king's frown was upon the house of Craigy of which he was a son; and brothers, sisters, all, went into beggary. There is a record in the church books of their native parish of various payments of small sums for the maintenance of "Mr. Ross, late of Craigy, brother of Maister Thomas, late execute in Edinburgh."

But these criminal trials are not all of such a melancholy character as those we have selected as illustrations of the inherent cruelty of King James' nature. Some of them



are ludicrous—but it is only the laughable side of a thoroughly hateful disposition, for in all of them we find traces, wherever the chief actor appears, of a meanness, a vanity, and a paltry cunning, which make us turn almost for consolation to the gloomier pages we have left. It is better to be torn by a tiger than mangled and worried, with ridiculous contortions, by a ferocious baboon. Here is a delightful story, under date of January 13th, 1601.

There was a young widow, buxom and free, of the name of Isabel Hutchinson, who was living, a rich and honored guest, with John Johnstone, baillie of the small village near Edinburgh called the Water of Leith. At kirk and market the widow was much admired; her fortune was probably well known, and it was all in her own power. Now, about four miles from the Water of Leith was the mansion of Craighouse, belonging to the Kincaids, and of course it was not long before the rumor of the widow's charms, personal and pecuniary, reached the somewhat impoverished laird. On went his best boots, out came his best horse, and, with sword and spurs to show his gentle blood, he cantered gaily over to the Water of Leith, and called on his friend the baillif.

John Kincaid of Craighouse was of higher rank than the lady; but love and money level all distinctions of this sort. To be Leddy Kincaid of Craighouse, with immense expanses of the Braid Hills as part of her domain—compensating by quantity of acres for poverty of soil—was a great elevation to the wealthy widow Hutchinson. So there is every reason to suppose that the laird prospered in his wooing. Day after day he mounted his fine brown horse—it was one of the best trotters in the county—and he trotted, full of blissful anticipations, to the residence of the ladie of his love. But a hitch arose somewhere; whether the relations of the defunct Hutchinson did not like the match, or the widow was not yet out of the guardianship of mother and aunts, no one can tell; but it struck John Kincaid one day as he travelled to the Water of Leith on his noble brown, that its back was long enough for two; and that if by any chance he could get the widow behind him, they would need fleet steeds to catch them before they got into the stout walls of Craighouse. Then he would send for “Mess John,” have the indissoluble

knot tied, and snap their fingers at the deceased George Hutchinson and all his kin. Wicked John Kincaid to imagine such a device! But in those days it was far from uncommon, and was scarcely counted a misdemeanor, especially if the other party made no objection to the ride. The baillie of the Water of Leith appears to have been a gentleman that knew the world. He could wink when duty or friendship called for it; and, on extraordinary occasions, could shut his eyes altogether. On the 17th of December, 1600, accordingly, John Kincaid left his mansion of Craighouse; and, attended for honor and safe escort by six or seven friends and followers—among whom we are pleased to see the name of David Watson, sister's son (nephew) of John Johnstone, baillie of the Water of Leith—proceeded to the house where the lady was, no doubt, waiting his arrival. But modesty is great in widows about to be married again, and it took some time, and perhaps a little gentle assistance, to get her into the saddle. Can there have been treason in the camp? Has anybody told the king what game was afoot? or was it chance and misadventure altogether! It so happened that his majesty was hunting that day in the fields that lay between the Water of Leith and Braid. A cavalcade such as the elopement presented was not likely to escape the crowned Paul Pry; who besides had, in all likelihood, been forewarned of what was going on. The bridal party turned off to one side, galloped might and main to get out of view; and, skulking through valleys and getting behind rocks, they reached the house, dismounted the terrified bride, helped her into the hall, and barred the great door. Is that all you knew of the king, John Kincaid? Don't you know that he is defender of the law, and allows no man to tyrannize over the subject but himself? Where is the marriage license? Where are the banns? Is the widow your wife?

Suddenly a great knock shakes the door of Craighouse, a face pale with anticipation of evil is presented at the side window of the flanking tower, and the bridegroom sees half a dozen lords, and knights, and gentlemen, who demand admission in the king's name, to arrest him for the high crime of forcible abduction, one of the highest offences known to the law. The main door of Craighouse was of stout oak, and the walls six feet thick.

The widow was very beautiful (and also rich), and John Kincaid declined to admit the Earl of Mar, Sir John Ramsay, and divers others, who clamor greatly for the release of Mistress Hutchinson out of her involuntary duress. The contest lasts some time, till the assailants threaten to bring the king himself to the rescue, and set fire to the house. The heart of the laird sinks at this, and he opens the door. He is instantly seized as a wrong-doer, hurried into Edinburgh, and treated in prison with such rigorous harshness, and scantiness of food, and dampness of dungeon, that he is compelled by hunger and request of friends to throw himself upon the king's will. This was exactly what his majesty wished, and had set all this machinery in motion to obtain. He avoided, by the confession of the culprit, the chances of an acquittal, and the exposure of an open trial; and this was the legal document by which the king decided the affair.

"James, by the Grace of God King of Scots. To our justice, justice-clerk, and their deputies greeting. For as much as John Kincaid of Craighouse is become in our will for the abducting of Isabel Hutchinson, widow; therefore we declare our will as follows, to wit; that the said John Kincaid shall make payment to us and our treasurer in our name, or to such others as our said treasurer shall appoint and assign, of the sum of two thousand five hundred marks, money of our realm; as also that he shall deliver to us, and our said treasurer, his brown horse; commanding hereby, you our said justice, justice-clerk, and deputies to cause, pronounce, and declare this our will against the said John, judicially; and insert those presents in our books of adjournal to have the strength of an act or decree. Subscribed with our hand at Holyrood-house, the last day of January, 1601 years.

"JAMES REI."

A MS. Toun of the year 1685 gives the following account of an epitaph at Winchester, that assuredly must be without a parallel, and as such, deserves a place in N. & Q.:

"On the north side of this church is the monument of two brothers of the surname Clarke, wherewith I was so taken as take them I must; and as I found them I pray accept them.

"Thus an union of two brothers from Avington, the Clarks' family, were grandfather, father, and son, successively clerkes of the Privy Seale in Court.

"The grandfather had but two sons, both Thomas.

What became of John Kincaid and the winsome widow, we do not know. Let us hope that the marriage was brought to pass in a legal manner, and that part of her fortune went to pay the enormous fine. May we hope, also, that an extra fifty pounds recovered the good brown horse?

These are but samples of the appearances the King of Scots makes in his character of Head of the Law. The mingled cruelty and selfishness he displayed were never equalled by any other ruler. Whether it was to murder a crazy minister, as in the case of Ross, or to make himself master of a good steed, as in the case of Kincaid, the restless interference of the British Solomon is always visible, and the laws tortured to his purpose. The subserviency of judge and jury, the base adulation of the courtiers, the oppression of the people, and the bloated self-sufficiency of the monarch, might remind us of a certain crowned head of the present time. But the skies of Scotland would need to be darkly, beautifully blue, the Forth with its Inch-Keith and Inch-Corm to be a sapphire sea studded with emerald isles, to make the parallel complete. Yet, will some future generation—Heaven send it may be the present!—shudder over the triumphs of King Bomba and the sufferings of Pœrio, as we in this happier time look back with loathing and pity on the blood-stained annals of King James.

We cannot close these extracts from a very valuable work, without entering a protest against the attempts sometimes made to gild over the infamies of the unfortunate reign of King James the First. We suspect, even, that those who study Mr. Pitcairn's volumes will cease to be either amused or misled by the bonhomie and kindly humors of the monarch in the *Fortunes of Nigel*.

"Their wives both Amys.

Their heyres both Henry.

And the heyres of Henries both Thomas.

Both their wives were inheritrices.

And both had two sons and one daughter.

And both their daughters issuelesse.

Both of Oxford; both of the Temple.

Both officers to Queen Elizabeth and of noble King James.

And both Justices of the Peace.

Together both agree in armes, one a knight, y<sup>e</sup> other a captain.

Si queras plura: both —; and so I leave y<sup>m</sup>. — *Notes and Queries*.

From The Idler.

## THE MAD PAINTER.

BY JOHN CORDY JEFFERSON.

"Ah, he is already at work, and the pink paper of the lamp that was broken last week has been pasted on afresh."

He was a worn, but not aged man, busily employed on a work at which I had often watched him with interest, and was sitting on the cold pavement, at a point where the street brought me into the square in which stands the church of St. Peter. On either side of him was a lamp, composed of a feeble candle, surrounded by a shade of oiled paper; and on the stone, which was his seat and sketching-block, were three papers of colored chalk in powder: his fingers served for stump and brush; and with these materials and tools he was drawing on the white flag that old, old face.

When I first came near enough to him to discern his operations accurately, he had only completed the outline. From some reason or other, he was ten minutes later that night than usual; and it surprised me, for the poor fellow's punctuality had for months attracted my attention, as much as anything else about him.

The evening was a keen one of April, not rainy, but very cold. An east wind whistled round the corners of the street, and swept boisterously over the square, beating against the windows of St. Peter's church, which was lighted up for an evening service.

"The congregation will be out in a quarter of an hour. In the meanwhile I will walk about briskly, and warm the blood in my feet, not in this retired place, but in a livelier thoroughfare."

On my return the portrait was accomplished, the wreath of oak-leaves placed round it for a frame, the last touch given to the long ringlets, and the perfecting tint of rose bestowed on the thoughtful cheek. The parcels of color were packed up for the night, the lamps arranged so as to throw the best possible light on the achievement, and the artist sat patiently waiting the result of his toil, not begging, but ready to receive. At the most, his age was not fifty; but deep lines were in his pale face, and his hair was gray.

There were very few passers along the street. A stranger might have wondered how the man came to locate himself in such an out-of-the-way spot.

The wind grew momentarily colder. The artist felt it as well as myself, for he turned up the collar of his shabby overcoat, and raised his eyes to the heavens, as though inquiring if they could not be kinder to him. A rich man's carriage rolled by, slowly and

with a dead, muffled sound. The great white horses arched their necks, and, glancing at the two candle-lamps flickering on the foot-way, pranced with wonder and disdain. Through the glass of the closed windows were visible two beautiful girls, arrayed for conquest, and a richly-accounted soldier. "Ah, sir, you are warmer in that luxuriant carriage than the poor beggar down there," I muttered; not that I wanted to see them change places.

The clock of St. Peter's struck a quarter past eight, the doors of the church opened, and through them poured a flood of music. The Evening Hymn ended, — a pause for the priest to utter his benediction in, — and then the congregation came forth. Some of them turned off in the square, but the majority came down the street between me and the poor artist, who received many stares, but few pence.

Lingering behind the others of the congregation came, as I knew she would, a woman dressed in mourning. Concealed by the pillar of a door-way, I saw her approach the artist, and, standing over his picture, look down upon him. At first he did not appear to recognize her. "Surely, Alfred, you know me," she said, drawing up her veil. Instantly he sprang to his feet, and grasped her hand warmly; and for a moment a light of joy flashed across his wan and vacant face.

"Tis very cold, Alfred," she said, tenderly; "you want a better coat and warmer clothing. You are pinched and starved with cold and hunger; I would to God I could help you."

Alfred replied only with a wandering gaze.

"What kind of evening have you made?" continued she, in her gentle voice, at the same time opening the hand in which he held his poor gains. "Alas! only a few pence!"

He shook his head dejectedly.

Taking a silver coin from her purse, she added it to the store, and closing his hard, horny fist, pressed it to her lips.

For a few moments he seemed unwilling to accept the gift; but she prevailed on him, looking at him, and saying distinctly, "It is not I who give it; it comes from her; she sent it to you."

Giving a motion of significance, he pointed down to the portrait on the pavement.

"Yes, yes; she sent it you," repeated the lady; and, adding a fervent "God bless you, Alfred," she moved quickly away, back over the square towards Oxford-street.

"It must be she; it is her voice, her figure, I could swear to her, and yet I could not catch a glimpse of her face," said I, following after her, to track her home. Several times I had failed in pursuing her to her

residence, having the misfortune to lose sight of her in the crowds of Oxford-street or Regent-street. This evening, however, better luck attended me, for she did not escape my eye till I had watched her pass down the entire length of Regent-street, cross Trafalgar-square, and enter a house in a quiet square in Westminster. The house was my own residence.

The lady was the mistress of the house, not my wife (for I am that most unhappy thing, an unwedded Englishman), but my housekeeper.

The discovery was a great success, and proportionably elated me.

"You have been to church this evening, Mrs. Shirley?" I inquired, when she kindly, and according to custom, brought me the hot water for my evening grog.

"I go every Thursday evening."

"A good preacher?"

"A good preacher, and a good man too, sir."

"O, indeed; that's all right. Where is his church?"

"St. Peter's, sir: my husband was buried there."

As she answered this last question, she looked at me with an air of inquiry and dignity, that reminded me I had not a right to make her the victim of my curiosity, although she was my servant. So I desisted from examining her farther at the time.

I was so perplexed by attempting "to solve the mystery," that I kept up for an hour later than usual that evening, taking an extra cigar and glass of grog to aid my judgment and invention. How comes she to take such an interest in him? What can be the connection between them? He can't be a relation, for she was a lady by birth; and, moreover, no farther back than yesterday, she told me that none of her blood, except her little boy, were living. Is it possible that the man was a friend of her poor husband's?

It was not long before I made myself acquainted with the artist's beat. He had six places for displaying his powers at—one spot for each profane evening of the week; and, regularly and punctually, he was on the ground appointed for the day—that is, at least, when the weather permitted; for he required a dry pavement for the performance of his task. In the rainy months I used to lose sight of him for weeks together.

His stations were some of them far apart. On Monday evenings he was to be found in the good old Church-street of Newington, opposite the house once inhabited by De Foe; at the close of Saturday he made his appearance on the Cheyne Walk of Chelsea; Thursday night saw him in the quiet street near St. Peter's church; and never did he

depart from that spot without such a greeting from Mrs. Shirley as I have already described. But, wherever he was, he exhibited the one same portrait,—that of a girl's face,—which, even composed though it was of such rude materials, was beautiful, and full of no ordinary artistic merit.

For three years I kept my eye upon him, in the calm, quiet evenings of summer, and in the foggy frosts of winter, contenting myself with being acquainted with his outdoor proceedings, and with my housekeeper's systematic attention to him, when I determined to follow him to his home, wherever it might be, and inspect his household gods. He was on the point of quitting his station in Bayswater, and was engaged in rubbing out the last remains of his picture, when I resolved to do so. Acting on the impulse (it was about half-past nine, and in the month of November), I followed him that night, at a slow pace, to the back of Gray's Inn, where he entered a decent court, pushed open the door of a house, and left me. The next day, on my return from the city, I diverged from my customary route to pay my respects to the locality by daylight. It was a cleanly-enough place for the quarter and the class of its inhabitants; a brisk tide of people passed through it, making a short cut from one thoroughfare to another, and the houses were not the decayed mansions of a previous day, but new-built, and appropriate to the residents. The second door on the left was the one the artist entered; the ground-floor of the establishment was used as a newspaper-shop. I entered it, and asked a respectable middle-aged woman if she could sell me the last number of the *Illustrated News*.

My request was complied with; and then I begged the loan of a knife to cut the pages with.

"Emma, fetch the gentleman a knife," she said to a girl of ten or eleven years, who was rolling on the floor before a small fire, with three little children.

"If you'll allow me, I'll run my eye over it here."

"Won't you take a seat by the fire, then?" the woman said.

Removing my hat (for the invitation had made me her guest, not her customer); and thanking her for her hospitality, I sat down.

"There is rather a queer inhabitant in this house," I said, after looking at the engravings of my paper for a few minutes.

The woman raised her head, and gave me a glance of surprise.

"For a long time past," I continued, "my interest has been aroused by a poor fellow who apparently gets his livelihood by painting a girl's face on the street pavement; and



last night I had the curiosity to be a spy upon him, and trace him to this house. Can you tell me anything about him? for I would gladly help him, if he needs aid."

"You are talking of the 'mad painter,'" she answered, with a countenance of increasing intelligence; "yes, sir,—he is my lodger."

"The *mad painter*! Is he insane, then?"

"Well, sir, he never does any harm, and he is quiet (quiet enough, for 'tis not once in a month he speaks a word)—and he is a poor innocent; but every one in the court here calls him the 'mad painter.' You see, he is very strange in his ways."

"How long has he been here?"

"O, now, for three years;—but," she added, apologetically, "he is an honest man, though some may call him a beggar. He has no acquaintances whatever, of any kind, and is an orderly fellow."

"No acquaintances? not a single friend?"

I inquired, quickly, and perhaps rather sharply.

"Well, for the matter of that, I am his friend," she replied, evasively.

"What is his name?"

She did not know he had one.

"Come," said I, looking at her as I felt—kindly, "why are you beginning to be suspicious? I cannot think I am putting any questions to you which it would do you harm to answer; and I can assure you I have other reasons than idle curiosity for coming here. You are afraid of me because I am a gentleman. If my coat was in rags, and my face and hands dirty, you would be induced to think better of my heart."

She was startled, and, after a minute's silence, replied, with simplicity and feeling,—"You are quite right, sir, in what you say; and I was wrong to mistrust you. But a poor woman, such as I, does not often speak with a gentleman; and one does n't know how to treat what one is n't used to."

"But," said I, "tell me one thing; do you know Mrs. Shirley?"

The woman jumped with astonishment; and then, with an expression of mortification, said,— "It appears you know as much as I can tell you. All I can say of Mrs. Shirley is, she is a good and charitable woman; and may God see fit to reward her for her goodness to the poor innocent upstairs, by bringing her back to the position in life she once held; for she was a lady, once, sir."

"And is so still, I trust," I said.

"I mean, sir"—the woman corrected herself,— "she has seen better days."

"God help her, poor thing; for she is nigh fifty—and better days do not often come to gray hairs."

I had no design in making this response; but I could see that it penetrated to the woman's heart, and that I had won her confidence by it.

"When Mr. Shirley was alive," she proceeded to inform me, "I was Mrs. Shirley's servant; and a good friend she was to me—in every way a friend, although my mistress, with power to command me. And I have often thought I could see the Lord's doing in it; that though she has been brought to a low estate, she has still been able, up to this time, to do well by her son, and has found as kind and good a master as she was a mistress."

Her manner was very earnest, and great tears glistened in her eyes.

"Come, come," said I, "don't speak thus to me." And I forthwith introduced myself to her more particularly, telling her Mrs. Shirley was my housekeeper, and that I had a high regard for her, and concluding with expressing a wish to visit the poor artist in his own apartment.

"You may do so," she answered readily; "but you will find it but a sorrowful sight. You need not be afraid of disturbing him, for he will take, most likely, no notice of you. But I ought to tell you, he is not well, and has not been for months; and the last few days he has been worse."

"What is his ailment?"

"His chest has for long been weak; and the cold on it is very severe."

Availing myself of the woman's permission and directions, I made my way up the narrow stairs to the garret of the "mad painter." The door was open, so I entered softly, without rapping.

The apartment was clean and weather-tight, but humbly furnished, and out of order. In one corner was a small bed, which, with a chest, a couple of old chairs, and a bit of rug-carpet before the fire, constituted the furniture of the room. On the floor, in the centre, sat the artist, surrounded by hundreds of fragments of coarse paper, on all of which was visible the whole or a portion of the face whose portrait I knew as his one production for the public. Apparently his powers were confined to the achievement of that one likeness; and a restless spirit within his miserable exhausted frame was ever urging him to reproduce it.

It was dusk, but the light from his fire fell upon his face, giving me a good view of it, and enabling him to go on with his works. His cheeks were sunken and pale, his eyes stood forward from his forehead, and his lips were compressed, as if he had suffered pain bravely for long years.

After a while, he heaved a deep sigh, and regarding the portrait (in miniature) he had

just finished, shook his head sorrowfully, and then raised his eyes and rested them blankly on me.

I shook my head sorrowfully also, in response. "It won't do—it won't do."

"No, no—it won't," he replied slowly, in a husky voice.

"She was far more beautiful," I continued.

"Far more beautiful," he repeated.

"Ay, far—far more."

But he turned away his face from me, as if dissatisfied and afraid, rose slowly from the floor, gazed sleepily at me once more, and then retired to the farther corner of the room, and lay down on his bed without speaking.

Having listened to his breathing, which was accompanied with labor and suffering, I descended the stairs, and had some more words with the landlady.

"I won't ask you now what you know of that unhappy man's former history, and how your old mistress came to take an interest in him; whether he, like her, has seen better days; whether, many years ago, he and she, as boy and girl, played together and loved each other,—I will not examine you on these points; for what you know is, in all probability, a matter you ought to keep secret. But I must bind you to be true to me, and not to let Mrs. Shirley know that I have been here. Promise me this."

She gave the required assurance; and then I proceeded—"He did speak a word or two just now, but he seemed scarcely to recognize the fact that a stranger had entered his room. Does he not talk to any one?"

"For years he has been as you see him."

"Do not he and Mrs. Shirley talk to one another when she visits him here, as I suppose she does sometimes?"

"She talks to him—hardly ever *he* to her."

"May you tell me what she says?"

"Yes: and one visit is like another; it is always the same. Mrs. Shirley finds him drawing (for he is always doing his picture), and she sits beside him, and when he has finished, and sighs, and shakes his head, she says, 'No, it won't do—it won't do; she was much more beautiful, and she loved you, Alfred, only as a woman can love; and never more than when false friends said you had ceased to care for her.' Then he will say—'Dead—dead.' And she, poor lady, with tears in her eyes, says—'Alas! alas!—and she is indeed dead to you.' This is all they say; sometimes they repeat it over and over again, but they never say much more as to matter."

She told me, also, that Mrs. Shirley visited

her unfortunate friend about once a fortnight; that the gifts he received in the streets were not nearly enough to keep him; and that it was to Mrs. Shirley he was indebted for the little comforts that he enjoyed—such as his fire, his warm coat, and his room.

On reaching my own house, I found my solitary dinner waiting for me. Mrs. Shirley meeting me in the hall, expressed her concern that my want of punctuality would necessitate my having to put up with my pheasant being over-roasted. I stammered out an assurance that it was a matter of no consequence; and to explain the lateness of my return, muttered something about having been detained a most unexpected length of time in the City. Whereupon the simple-hearted lady left me, with that quiet and yet cheerful step with which she moves about my house, and went to perform some of her domestic duties.

During the next fortnight I was too much engaged with a variety of business to be able to find leisure to continue my investigations with regard to the poor artist. But together with the third Thursday his lot was brought to my mind, on ringing my bell immediately after having dined, and asking for Mrs. Shirley's presence, by being told that she was not in the house. My man supposed she was gone to church.

On this, taking my hat and warmest coat, I went out into the streets, and found myself under St. Peter's church before the clock had struck a quarter to eight. But the artist was not at his accustomed post, although it was a fine night. After lingering in the street till the congregation had come out of the church and dispersed, in the hope that every new minute would witness the arrival of my old friend with his paper lamps and his chalks, I walked quickly to Gray's-Inn-lane to make inquiries after the cause of his absence from duty. As I hurried along, a presentiment took possession of me that I was about to be present at the final scene of a tragedy.

On entering the news-shop, I found the landlady sitting with her children; but signs of deep anxiety were visible in her face.

"Is he ill?" were the first words I uttered.

"Ill, indeed—ill, indeed; he is dying."

"Who says so?"

"The doctor who was here at five o'clock this afternoon, and said to me, 'He cannot live many hours.'"

"Any one with him?"

"Yes, sir; *she* is."

"I will go up-stairs," I said.

She made an attempt to dissuade me, saying, most justly, that such moments were

precious to those to whom they belonged, and she felt her mistress (meaning my house-keeper) had the best right to them. But on my engaging not to break into the apartment, she withdrew her opposition.

In less than half a minute I was on the top landing; the garret door was ajar; and neither of the two occupants of the room had heard my ascent.

I had no temptation to enter the chamber, for I saw enough where I was. On the bed, propped up with pillows, was the poor artist, breathing with difficulty (but otherwise free from pain), and gazing intently into the countenance of Mrs. Shirley, who, kneeling on the floor, was addressing him in soft tones, but with quick and passionate words. The coverlet of the bed was loaded with the torn, and smeared, and disapproved portraits that on my former visit were on the floor.

"Alfred, indeed, she has always loved you. You ask if she is dead. Long, long has she been dead to you, yet has she been living for you. You recollect that terrible night when you lay in the cold, wet streets, sick and in rags, how a woman knew you, and took you in her arms to a warm room, and you cried on her bosom, and told her all your griefs. O, you remember,—you must remember this. You called her an angel: that angel was she. From that day to this she has kept a guarding eye over you, and cherished you in the best way her poverty would allow her. You have always been in

her thoughts. The sun has never shone, but she has thought how cheering it would be to you; and by night the cruel rain made her think of you in the desolate streets, and every drop that has fallen on you has burnt like fire into her heart. Alfred, she has always loved you,—never deserted you. Do you not know her now?"

The dying man's eyes lighted with intelligence,—the film of apathy, and dull, unconscious woe, that had so long made them dim, was dissolved, and flames of vehement affection blazed from them. The hectic flush left the centre of his thin cheek, and a rich glow of joy, even of health, covered his face. His weak arms were extended to his companion. A few times he laid his hands on her white widow's cap, pulling it, and expressing irritation at it. Perceiving his meaning, she took off this offending covering, and speedily let down the bands of hair, so that they fell somewhat like ringlets on her shoulders. As she did so, emotion gave an expressing of earnest gladness and young triumph to her always pleasant countenance, and showed her the original—not faded, no, at that moment, not by one wrinkle of age!—of the portrait the "mad painter" had so often limned.

A cry of joy burst from his lips, tears started from his eyes, and his outstretched arms were closing round the neck of that faithful one,—when he fell back upon his pillow, and was still in death.

**SANITARY SUPERSTITION.**—The following scene occurred within this last month at a farm-house in Worcestershire. It is one of the latest passages from the *Farce of Folly*:

*Scene. The back premises of a Farm-house. Female domestic discovered sitting, and plucking the feathers from a half-killed hen, which is writhing with pain. Enter Mistress; she expresses disgust at the foul proceeding.*

*Mistress.* "Good gracious, girl! how can you be so cruel? Why, the hen is n't dead!

*Domestic.* "No, mum! I'm very sorry, mum, but (as though answering a question) I was in a hurry to come down, and I did n't wash my face this morning."

*Mistress (with rising doubts as to the girl's sanity in reference to her sanitary proceedings).* "Wash your face! whatever does the girl mean? I did not say anything about washing your face; I said (shouting to her, on the sudden supposition that she may be deaf) that you were very cruel to pluck a hen that you've only half killed."

*Domestic (placidly).* "Yes, mum. I'll go and wash my face directly."

*Mistress (bothered).* "Wash your face! yes, you dirty slut, it wants washing. But first kill this poor thing, and put it out of its misery."

*Domestic (confidentially).* "I can't, mum, 'till I've washed my face."

*Mistress (repressing an inclination to use bad language).* "Why not?"

*Domestic (with the tone of an instructor).* "La, bless me, mum! why, don't you know as how you can't kill any living thing unless you've washed your face first? I'm sure that I tried for full ten minutes to wring this 'en's neck, and I could n't kill her; and all because I had n't time to wash my face this mornin'?"

[*The Mistress administers a homily to the Domestic; the hen is put out of its misery; and the Scene closes upon the Domestic's ablutions.*]

I was told of this same superstition being brought to bear, about thirty years ago, on the killing of pigs. — *Notes and Queries.*

From The Press.

*Passages selected from the Writings of Thomas Carlyle. With a Biographical Memoir by Thomas Ballantyne. London: Chapman and Hall.*

WHEN an author has arrived at that popularity which justifies his "beauties" being selected, it augurs success of a particular kind. To books, indeed, of this sort, made of fragments from a writer's extended pieces, we have a great objection. They are only patchwork, without a pattern. We may, however, seize this opportunity for commenting on the author whose shreds are before us in this volume.

Mr. Carlyle, whatever may become of him afterwards, is now one of the literary celebrities of England. His works are widely read, and he finds many to extol his fame. On the subject of no personal reputation within our experience (with the exception of the later pictures of Turner) have we seen such violent contrasts of opinion between disputants as in the claims of Mr. Carlyle to being honored as a great genius. Panegyrics and invectives have been equally intense in the case of this affected writer. We have ourselves been present when professed philosophers reduced themselves to the common level while debating the *pros* and *cons* of Mr. Carlyle. The last subject that we should like to moot for a friendly critical interchange of thought over the convivial board is the question of Mr. Carlyle's merits. Some rationalists of a low school have supposed that "fanaticism" and "prejudice" had their roots in religion. Any one conversant with human nature must know that the violence of sympathies, properly called fanaticism, is a morbid action of the mind, to which it is prone upon all subjects when the feelings are engaged. Colloquies on Carlyle exhibit that truth plainly to any calm auditor.

For our own part, we think that there is nothing extraordinarily difficult in criticizing Mr. Carlyle. He is a degenerate Scotch Puritan, Germanized after Jean Paul Richter. In psychology Scotch, he is by education of Berlin and Leipsic Fair. He had strong moral qualities, perseverance, industry, and self-reliance. He worked hard at German literature in days when its exponents in this country were a clique of critical hierophants, secluded from the public eye. His writings did not depend entirely on his own words; his grotesque mannerisms had the effect of novelty, and were accepted as representative of German thinkers; and the strong appeals to feeling in all his writings were a relief after the sparkling and shallow "criticism" of Lord Jeffrey. Benthamism was then taken as the profoundest exposition of modern phi-

losophy. It seems now like recalling a dream to think of the idolatry once paid to Jeremy Bentham. Reviews and newspapers were devoted to the honor of "the sage of Queen's-square." Sir Samuel Romilly, Lord Brougham, and other men of no small mark, paid homage to that amiable but strangely conceited recluse. The law has been largely altered since his days, but only in a few instances (and those of doubtful utility) has his advice been deferentially followed. Some of his multitudinous suggestions are worthy of being studied; but "Benthamism" as a creed has long since passed away. And, let Carlylists rave as they please, why should not Carlylism also?

"The Life of Schiller" was not Mr. Carlyle's first real introduction to the English public. We date it ourselves from his essay on "Characteristics," where his whole "No-system" may be found. Put into plain homely English, he meant to say that literature, and the morals of life, should always aim at inwardness. In ethics and religion we met with his precursors long ago in the propounders of Quietism, under its various forms. "The light within" has been touchingly written of by Fenelon, and strangely disserted on by George Fox. Classical readers do not require being reminded, also, of the *spiritus intus*, which runs through so many of the heathen systems of religion. Mr. Carlyle's text in all his "earnest" and uncouth literature has been that "inwardness." From first to last it is the cue on which he has written, and upon which he strove to be accepted as a prophet.

Whenever we hear Mr. Carlyle's name mentioned, we think of the *dictum* upon his merits or demerits, attributed to a distinguished leader of fashion. "Mr. Carlyle," said the fair critic, "always seems like a clever mad Quaker, who wishes to pass for a prophet." Lady ———'s *mot* pleasantly described the convulsive, spasmodic strain which runs through all Mr. Carlyle's writings. He is fierce in attack; he rails, as George Fox and others, against all the authorities; he gives the whole world a great scolding, but — *he does nothing perfect*. He writes no drama appealing to the universal heart, and fit for translation into the tongues; he invents no characters, no new types of unrecognized human nature; he produces no beautiful poetry; in oratory, his gasping, stuttering words, and agonized throes, imploring the obstetric aid of scientific rhetoric, would render him impotent in the Senate. What would Mirabeau, Danton, or the Girondins have done with his choking, ineffectual speech? What would he have been at any time before those strong natures, with harmonious utterances, who have ruled the



haughty Senate of England without the help of Mr. Macaulay's "model Titan"?

We can speak with some degree of authority on this point, for we took the trouble to attend a whole course of Mr. Carlyle's lectures on "Hero-Worship." The impression left on our minds was that he was a counterfeit genius, and that "he had the contortions of the Sybil, with little of the inspiration." He left upon us the impression that he was a man of secondary power, struggling with the sublimities of a lofty theme. He stood on tiptoe, and tried to prophecy, but he could not do so; and he revealed in the flesh his gaspings to the audience. He tried to talk about the whole problem of life, its intuitions, mysteries, and aspirations; and his words tumbled out like those of a half-educated pupil in neology attempting to repeat backwards a lecture from the late Mr. Coleridge. We often heard his admirers compare him to a rhetorical Rembrandt, but the compliment is too flattering; for Mr. Carlyle scouts all artistic analogies. He hates critics; he makes a wry face when we talk of "style." So did George Fox, and Whitfield, and Edward Irving; and what those preachers were to true devotion, the same is Mr. Carlyle to genuine thinking on genius, poetry, and that "oversoul" under which he reels. Indeed, we cannot but think that Whitfield is a singularly close type of Mr. Carlyle. Crowds were astonished and much moved by his passionate language; his theme was sublime, his words intense, his manner rivetting, and he spoke to an age of formalists tranced in stupefying custom. At first he produced a sensation by his eccentricity and his enthusiasm, by his apostrophes to his audiences, and by his aspirations after an indefinite perfectibility. So also with Mr. Carlyle. In 1820 logic was enthroned with great pomp at Oxford by Dr. Whateley and his contemporaries. Political Economy, and charlatanic schemes of Parliamentary Reform, were believed in by "Whigs, and something more;" and Bentham and the Mills (senior and junior) were believed in by the Radicals at large. Those were what has been wittily called "the days of the *Screw* and *Lever Magazine*," edited by Young First Principles, the cleverest man of the age, all whose contributors were under two-and-twenty years of age; while Old First Principles was perpetually canvassing for places in the lobbies of the Lords and Commons."

In such times Mr. Carlyle had great opportunities. He saw, as hundreds of others did, that the Liberals had taken to a Holloway's ointment school of moral philosophy. He divined that they would get sick of it, and while they were suffering from their mental nausea he offered them his own new

Germanized invention of "Carlyle's Earnest Grotesque Inwardness Elixir," a spiritual compound, warranted to cure all psychological maladies. He vilified all other practitioners in philosophy, and was not sparing of hard words. He got up a cant of calling orators "parliamentary logic-mills," and another favorite phrase of his was "half-men." Against such he cried "no quarter," though in some things he was not even a half-man himself.

For there are two terrible charges which posterity with deadly effect will urge against Mr. Carlyle — he has neither a system nor a style. He upsets the English tongue into chaotic sentences, and produces effects singular, not original; in running after the great, he tumbles into the grotesque — for there is always bathos in the Carlylian sublime. Mr. Carlyle has no fine appreciation of moral harmony. Strangeness he confounds with novelty; vehement words he mistakes for fiery eloquence. His style is a convulsive protest against sense and grammar, and it makes us think that Edward Irving had been his tutor. We recollect such sentences of poor Irving as "abolishing pulses," "evacuating the uses of a law," "the quietus of torment," "erecting the platform of our being upon the new condition of probation" — sentences of as good Babel as if they were in the Carlylese language. We should like to see some parallel passages from Mr. Irving printed side by side with "beauties" from Mr. Carlyle.

A man's mind may be a quarry of materials for art, and yet he may never become an artist; he may have voice, appearance, words, and argument, and yet never be an orator. So with an author like Mr. Carlyle, he may have topic, knowledge, purpose, and popular effect, and yet he may never become a classic. We believe that Mr. Carlyle's vogue is destined to pass away. There is no calm catholic beauty in his writing, no soothing utterances of serenely wholesome philosophy. His language, like his thinking, is, as the actors say of ill-written dialogue, "breaky"; its irregular fitful jets of thought flare up in the reader's face with the coarse flashy effects of gaslight on a windy night. His mannerism, in short, is just as fatally hard and artificial as that of the class of writers against whom he has railed.

His tautology, also, is enormous. We do not think that any one of his contemporaries has so often repeated himself. An author appealing to wide sympathies ought to be various.

Horatio — Dorax — Falstaff — still was Quin, wrote Churchill in the "Rosciad;" and

Mr. Carlyle is unable to discuss any subject without perpetually elbowing his reader, and bawling into his ears, "I am Thomas Carlyle." He ever hectors the reader, and rails at his tastes and habits, and intimates that Thomas Carlyle thinks him "a respectable goose;" and in the Carlylese tongue "respectable" means something terrible. It always brings down the stereotyped story of Thurtell's trial, and the man who was "respectable, for he kept a gig;" and then Mr. Carlyle mounts upon "gigmanity," ties the reader to his Pegasus, and soars into "cloudland."

We do not think, therefore, that Mr. Carlyle will last. Sciologists in philosophy, strong-minded women who are not yet "up" in German, and pretentious undisciplined young men, are his chief admirers. We do not believe that he has any genuine inspiration, and he certainly has not attained to any profound moral creed. Stripped of his oddity, his Jean-Paulism, and his infinite number of harsh, rough words, what is left? We suspect that he is little better after all than a clever criticaster, disguised under travestied grammar and burlesqued rhetoric. His "Life of Sterling" shows that his obscure esotericism completely deceived the

simple dupes who beheld in him a profound Christian sage, with some novel conceptions on Christianity. Mr. Carlyle is little more than a perplexed Pantheist, half stunned with his own whirlwind of cacophony. The "Revelation" of Richter is all that he has to urge, and whoever follows his *ignus fatuus* will soon be lost in a mirage of metaphorical phrasemaking, which persons unskilled in words would mistake for symbolism of an unapprehended inspiration which the prophet of Chelsea has yet to reveal. The worst effect of his example in scorning all rules of language is, that young persons imitate Mr. Carlyle with perfect success, and without the least difficulty. There is a great brood of writers abroad in the land, wildly defiant of grammar in their slipshod sentences, and the parentage of all these sprawling authors is certainly to be traced to Mr. Carlyle.

To conclude, the cant of Benthamism, with its jargon of a strange nomenclature, has past away. In the same way the cant of Carlylism, and the spiritualized gibberish of "Sartor Resartus" is destined to die out. Wilkes boasted that he was no Wilkesite, and we are sure that Mr. Carlyle's "inwardness" is not that of a Carlylian.

**DETECTION OF POISON.**—Do certain poisons so easily escape the detection of the chemist, in the dead body, as we have been led to suppose? Mr. William Herapath, Professor of Toxicology at the Bristol Medical School, affirms that they do not. After a lecture delivered by his son, Mr. Herapath referred to the poisoning cases, and their effect on the public mind.

"Apprehensions," he said, "respecting the security of life had been greatly increased by the statements which had gone forth as to the difficulty of detecting certain poisons after death. He understood it had been stated that prussic acid could not be detected after fourteen days; that strychnine could only be detected a few hours after death; and that cocculus indicus could not be discovered at all. Now, he had himself, in a case which had been published, detected prussic acid in a human body which had been buried two months; he had discovered cocculus indicus in beer, in dead fishes, and in a human body exhumed after ten months; and with regard to strychnine, his belief was that he should be able to discover its presence as long as any fluids remained in the body. The difficulties in the way of detecting cases of poisoning were therefore not so great as had been supposed, and he hoped that the public mind might be reassured by that knowledge."—*Spectator*.

THE following epitaph is reprinted in the *Newcastle Journal* of March 31, 1855, from a paper of similar title of March 12, 1748:

"Ye witty mortals, as you're passing by,  
Remark, that near this monument doth lie,  
Center'd in dust,  
Two husbands, two wives,  
Two sisters, two brothers,  
Two fathers, a son,  
Two daughters, two mothers,  
A grandfather, grandmother, and a grand-daughter,  
An uncle, an aunt, and their niece follow'd after.  
This catalogue of persons mentioned here  
Was only five, and all from incest clear."

—*Notes and Queries*.

THE *Belfast News-Letter* states that there are at the present moment in the South and West of Ireland agents from America, who are privately ascertaining the feeling of the people relative to an American invasion of this country. We believe that the Government are fully in possession of the circumstance. — *Spectator*, 2 Feb.

## THE LAST DAYS OF CHRISTOPHE.

THE account of the suicide and last days of Christophe the Second, King of Hayti, which we publish to-day, has never before been printed.

It will be read now with peculiar interest because of some strange analogies between the condition of Hayti and its ruler, then and now. The manuscript is furnished us by Mr. B. P. Hunt, a leading merchant at Port au Prince, and one of the most intelligent and cultivated of his calling in any country. He gives, in a note to us, the following account of the manuscript, and the circumstances under which it came into his possession :

"The manuscript narrative of the death of Christophe, which I placed in your hands a few days since, was copied by me from the original about twelve years ago, at Cape Haytien. I found it in the hands of a shipmaster. The only account which he could give of it was, that it had been presented to him by a Haytian merchant of Port au Prince, whose father, an American, had been in trade at Cape Haytien in the time of Christophe.

"This narrative is anonymous, but the text shows that it was written by one of the king's physicians, and on making inquiries of a Mr. Castel, an old officer of Christophe's household, I learned that the king had but two physicians, both foreigners — namely, the Baron Stewart, a Scotchman, and the Chevalier Bird. The latter was no doubt the author. According to his monument in the cemetery of the Cape, Dr. Jabez Sheen Bird was born in England, and died in Cape Haytien, in September, 1825, aged 36.

"He seemed to be remembered at the Cape as a man of superior professional talent, and was said to have had good connections in England, whom he had estranged by his marriage — the wife he had chosen not having met the approbation of his family. To this fact was attributed his settlement at the Cape. His wife after his death married a Dr. Desin, a colored physician, still in respectable practice at the Cape, in 1846, at which date she had been long since dead.

"I mention these particulars as evidence of the authenticity of the account, which, besides, has an air of truthfulness throughout, and it is further corroborated by Pamphile de la Croix and other authorities, having the additional advantage over them of being more circumstantial."

We have no doubt of the entire correctness of Mr. Hunt's conclusions, and esteem the narrative an important contribution to the history of Hayti.

Mr. Hunt spent several years at Cape Haytien, and has a more comprehensive acquaintance with Hayti and the Haytians than any other man now living. Hence our confidence in his judgment about the manu-

script to which we invite the attention of our readers. — *N. Y. Eve. Post.*

From the MS. Journal of one of his Physicians.

## THE LAST HOURS OF CHRISTOPHE.

*A Narrative of the Events which occurred during the Revolution which ended in the Death of the King of Hayti, and the Establishment of the Republic.*

On the 15th of August, 1820, the King was struck with a fit of apoplexy, while he was standing in the parish church of Limonade, during the celebration of the mass. Dr. Stewart, who had followed the King to the château of Bellevue, happened to be near at the time; he had the King removed into the open air, and put into his carriage, where he bled him largely, which restored him somewhat. He was then taken to the château of Bellevue, where it was necessary to bleed him largely again, when his perception returned. Being sent for from the Cape, I arrived at Bellevue about 9 o'clock at night; the ante-chamber was full of officers, but all was quiet round about. The King could not raise his head from the pillow, and all the physicians of his household were called about his person. In about ten days he got much better, when I quitted my attendance upon him. Whilst at Bellevue most of the principal officers came there, but there was no appearance of insurrection; on the contrary, all was most orderly and quiet.

In three or four days the King removed to Sans-Souci, where he had been anxious to go some time before. Here he continued getting gradually better till about the beginning of October, when the news of the insurrection of the troops of St. Marc's threw him into so violent a perturbation that he became attacked again by apoplexy, and was again relieved by bleeding, but not to so great a degree as before. However, he walked about the apartments of his palace, and sat up, chatting, in his chair. He despatched an army against the insurrectionary troops of St. Marc's, under the command of the Dukes of Artebonite and Ouanamynthe, and all seemed to promise well.

On Friday evening, October 6th, about 9 o'clock, my housekeeper came rushing into the room, where I was sitting at table, to tell me that the *Generale* was beating, and that the enemy was at hand — but what enemy, or where they came from, her fright would not permit her to stay to inquire. I went out, and found the drums of the infantry and horns of the cavalry parading the streets, and blowing and beating the *Generale*. All the people fit to bear arms were assembling on the *place d'armes*, and the

Governor (Duc de la Marmalade), was haranguing them.

I understood something about liberty was mentioned, but could not clearly understand its drift. I returned, and, shutting my doors and arming myself, went to bed. All night I heard parties of horse and foot parading the streets, and now and then groups of people assembled, singing songs in honor of liberty. The next morning we found all the people of the city arming, and, as they did not find enough muskets in the arsenal, they bought nearly five hundred stands of a German merchant. The chiefs at the head of the insurgents were: General Richmond (Duc de la Marmalade); General Placide (Compte de Gros-Morne); General Monpoint (Baron Monpoint); General Charles Pierre (Duc de Terrier-Rouge); Colonels Nord and Prophete, of the Chevaux Legers, both barons; Colonels Jumeaux and Poux, both aides-de-camp of the King. The troops they had consisted of a part of the first and second regiments of the line, in garrison at the Cape, and one of the battalions of the Chevaux Legers of the King's household troops, with about a thousand armed inhabitants of the Cape. In the afternoon the army removed to Haut du Cap, where they entrenched themselves at the bridges and side of the river. This day passed away in great anxiety on the part of the people of the Cape. Contradictory reports were flying about, and no one knew what to believe. They hoped the King was dead, or so ill as not to be able to rise. I confess the latter was my opinion, when I saw night arrive and we were not attacked, knowing the fiery temper of the King, and how he would be struck with the news. In the course of the day the strangers had all met at my house, and had written to the Governor, to know if he had provided for our protection. At night we received an answer, dictated in the most polite and friendly terms, tending to compose our minds with respect to the danger of our persons and property. This night passed away more quietly than the last, though we still went to our chambers armed to the teeth. Next morning, Sunday, there came an order for all the young men of the Cape to join the insurrectionary army. General Monpoint called politely on me in the morning, and assured me that there was no danger; yet, on my asking for my friend Dr. Stewart, who was still with the King, he offered to forward a letter from me to him. I directly sent to Mrs. Stewart, who wrote to her husband; but the General's duty called him away before she had sent it, and this was one of the means of my seeing the action which that day decided the fate of the King.

The morning passed away in dreadful

suspense in the town. Several times the hue and cry was, that the King's troops were coming into the town, and that the orders were to spare none, not even children at the mother's breast. In the afternoon, I left the people at my house, packing up my goods, &c.; and mounting my horse, with my pistols, &c., I determined to go to the army, and see myself what to hope and fear. On the road, Colonel Jumeaux told me he feared the dragoons had taken my horses from their pasturage, which was not far from the encampment, and I went first (through the woods) to see if I could find them. I found at the country house the mate of a Swedish vessel in the harbor, who was there collecting specimens of natural history for the University of "Zürich;" and taking him with me, to carry him to the Cape, we arrived at the position of the insurgent army. They were all in square, and they opened to let me pass. When I came into the square, I met General Monpoint and Colonel Prophete, who were going the rounds. I offered the letter to the General, to send to Sans-Souci. He told me he could not send it, as the enemy were in front of them, adding, "Shall I show you the enemy?" I replied, "Yes;" when, leading me close to the bridge, I saw a large body of the Haytien guards, together with the body guards, deploying on the savanna on the opposite side of the river, and forming a line against us. I turned to the General, and said: "As you are likely to have warm work here, and as you may have need of my services professionally, will you allow me to stay here with you?" He replied that he would not have asked me, but that, as I offered, he gladly accepted my services. He then left me with a Captain Fresé, a Swedish officer of artillery, who came to be employed by the King, but who now was with the Governor. In about two or three minutes our men began firing, and the smoke hid the enemy (on whom I had my eyes steadily fixed) from my sight. Very shortly after, our cavalry charged through the river upon them, and I went to a wounded man. When I came out of the house, I found that the King's troops had declared for us, and I saw them coming over, and embracing their comrades of the Governor's party.

Thus we happily ended an affair which at first had a very bad aspect. For, though our people were very full of zeal in the cause, and perhaps would have fought hard, yet the King's troops were more numerous than ours, and much better disciplined. After all was over, and I had used the whole of my silk handkerchief in binding up wounds, I returned to the Cape, and quieted the fears of my household and those of several of my



friends. The Cape was illuminated generally, and I believe with much greater sincerity than I had ever seen before. Thus passed Sunday, and at night we were tranquil, the troops being still kept in the encampment.

By this affair, the Governor's party gained an accession of about 1,500 choice troops, together with General Simon (Duc de St. Louis), and Baron Riché, afterwards President, the commander of the body guards. The Duke of Fort-Royal, who commanded for the King, escaped narrowly, being chased by Colonel Prophete, of the Chevaux Legers, and Baron Dessalines was killed by a captain of the same regiment, by a sabre cut. A few soldiers were also killed, and many dispersed in the woods. There were also three cannon taken. The soldiers being kept on the encampment was thought highly necessary, the King still having a large force at Sans-Souci.

On Monday morning I met Baron Ternier in the street, who was just arrived from Sans-Souci, who gave me the first information of the death of the King. He had shot himself the evening before at ten o'clock. About ten o'clock, the Prince Royal, Dukes of Fort-Royal and Limonade, and Baron Vastey, were brought in guarded. They had come from Sans-Souci, and delivered themselves up at Haut du Cap. The Prince and Duke of Fort-Royal were put into the former's house under a guard. The Duke of Limonade was allowed to go to his own house, and the Baron Vastey was put in prison. In the afternoon, Dr. Stewart arrived from Sans-Souci, and at night, Baron Dupuy.

To-day I received the following account of the affair of Haut du Cap bridge, from the brother of one of my servants, who was in the army of the King (a Haytien guard) on that occasion, when the troops of the Governor were discovered in ambuscade at the bridge, and on the banks of the river. The General halted for the troops to form a line. While this manœuvre was taking place, the Governor's party were heard to cry out: "*Vive la Liberté!*" Immediately the Duke of Fort Royal, taking off his hat, waved it, and cried: "*Vive le Roi!*" He was joined by very few, the soldiers mostly crying out: "*Vive le Prince de Limbé!*" At this time the cannon were placed by the front route. The Duke gave command to open the rank, that the cannon might commence playing. He was not obeyed. He immediately galloped upon the men, sword in hand, to enforce his commands, when he saw the cavalry of the Governor's party close at hand, so that he was obliged to wheel his horse and fly. Whilst this was

occurring, the artillery-man, who held the match of one of the cannon, was about to apply it to the touch-hole; the soldier who stood next him ordered him to desist; however, he still persisted, when the soldier, drawing his sword, killed him on the spot. "The grape-shot of that cannon," said the soldier who gave me the account, "would certainly have killed you, for I saw you on your horse just in the direction it would have taken." When the cavalry arrived close to them, they cried out that they were brothers, and that they would not fight against them; and they immediately came over to the Governor's side.

Thus, God Almighty saved us, for the King had promised his troops the pillage of the Cape, and we should have died among the rest; at least, I should, who was with the revolutionary army. The soldiers of the other side say they could have beaten us if they had fought, and I should very much fear that they were not boasting too much.

On Tuesday we passed a tranquil day. In the evening I first saw Dr. Stewart, having been obliged to pass the whole day seeing patients in the country.

All on the plain was in a state of confusion. They had pillaged all the King's castles, and were driving his oxen off by droves to kill. There were many slaughtered by the roadside, and any one who passed took what he pleased; yet much was left to putrefy. Most people that I saw were still apprehensive of disturbance, and all were afraid of being pillaged.

On Wednesday we had a proclamation in town from the insurgent chiefs, "that all danger was passed, and that all might proceed to transact business as usual;" but, as the embargo is not yet taken off the ships in the harbor, the stores are still continued shut.

On Thursday I went to Sans-Souci with Dr. Stewart. The road was free from brigands, and we met with no interruption, except in passing through the insurrectionary army. However, we were quietly allowed to pass. The town of Sans-Souci was half deserted. We went up to the palace, and walked through it. It was gutted entirely, and the soldiers had broken what they could not carry away. Many of the apartments I had never seen before, and found them very magnificent. The terraces were fine, and commanded an extensive view. But I could not but be struck by comparing the magnificence of the house on which I stood with the miserable appearance of the wigwams in which the people lived. The King's bloody shirt, in which he died, was hanging up over one of the doors, and I examined carefully the floor of his room, exactly on the spot

where he died, but there were no spots of blood. He shot himself sitting on his bed. The ball must have wounded a large blood-vessel in the chest, but much of the blood must have been caught in the bed, and the rest on the carpet of the room.

It is said that the King had appeared very tranquil throughout these disturbances, though I apprehend he was not quite aware of their extent till the news arrived of the desertion of his guards. The day before he talked much about England with Dr. Stewart, and, amongst other questions, he asked whether the Duke of Bedford did not get all his income by the breeding of sheep. He was also very inquisitive on physiology, and made the Doctor explain to him the circulation of the blood. On Sunday morning he ordered his pistols cleaned and loaded, and his regimentals, as if he were going to mount on horseback; but he soon found that he was not able.\* On determining to send off his guards, he ordered \$4 each to be given them, and then he came down on the square place before the palace, where they were drawn up, and, sitting in a chair, he spoke to them. His last orders were: "You will form yourselves in order of battle on the *place d'armes* of the Cape, and there wait further orders." It appears that he did not know that the insurrectionary army were posted at the bridge of Haut du Cap, the Governor acting so wisely as to keep all his expresses as they arrived, and never allowing one to return. When the news arrived at Sans-Souci of the guards having surrendered, the King was asleep. They awoke him, to inform him of his situation. He replied: "Aha! is it so? Well." He then desired to be left alone, to compose himself. Dr. Stewart and Baron Dupuy were the last who left him. They quickly after heard the report of a pistol, and, rushing into his chamber, they found him breathing his last. They (finding the soldiers and people were rushing in to pillage) caused the body to be raised on the shoulders of some of the body guard, and sent off with the queen and princesses to the Citadelle, where it was buried in one of the bastions by Baron Belliard, an old servant of the King. Thus ended the life of the greatest tyrant, monster of cruelty, and miser,

\*I was once told by an old resident of the Cape, that when the insurrection broke out at that place, the king was paralyzed on one side. He immediately ordered a bath to be prepared, impregnated as strongly as possible with the juice of the capsicum punctatum, or bird-pepper, a stimulant quite as powerful as cayenne — and, by the aid of this most terrible remedy, he soon restored action to his paralyzed limbs. But it was of short duration. He had only proceeded, on horseback, a short distance in the direction of the Cape, when his arm again fell powerless. Then turning his horse back towards Sans-Souci, he pronounced the words, "J'ai eu plus que vécu" (I am no longer anything), and, taking to his bed, as stated by Dr. Bird, he made up his mind to die.

that ever a just God suffered to afflict his created beings.

Had he been victorious, the Cape would have been a desert, its streets would have been deluged with blood. None, not even strangers, would have been spared. Knowing what I do now, I feel proud of having been one to resist him.

On our return to the Cape in the evening, the army were under arms, expecting the arrival of General Romaine (the Prince of Limbé), from the west. We spoke to several of the Generals, and with one of the patrols of Chevaux Legers. I met the Baron St. Fleur, one of the commanders of the King's troops who went against the revolted of St. Marc. He told me that on the Sunday of the affair at Haut du Cap, they also fought; the battle was undecided. The next day, when they were again drawn out, he declared at the head of his regiment that he would fight no more for the King, and invited his men to follow his example. They unanimously followed him, and the whole of the troops left their General, the Duke of Ouanaminthe, and returned to the assistance of the Governor's party here at the Cape. The Duke followed, and surrendered himself. He was immediately put in prison.

Friday: Another proclamation, desiring the people to assemble on the *place d'armes* to meet the General Romaine. But the day passed over without his appearance. All quiet and peaceable.

Saturday: Nothing occurred. General Romaine did not arrive.

Sunday: last night a store was broken open — the only robbery in the Cape during the unquiet times.

About midday the report of cannon announced the arrival of General Romaine at Haut du Cap. He did not enter the town till night. The Dukes of Fort-Royal and Laxavon, with the Count of Preschel-Plaine and Baron Vastey, were to-day all put in irons. The two princes, Victor and Eugene, are on the civil side of the prison, and are walking about together. They await their sentences.

Monday: Nothing has yet transpired. We hear that a grand council is holding at the head-quarters of the army. At night the Chevaux Legers attempted to pillage the palace here at the Cape, but were prevented by Colonel Prophete. The inhabitants are in great fear lest they should pillage the town. They (the Chevaux Legers) are enraged to see the troops that remained with the King and the inhabitants of the town of Sans-Souci enjoying so much plunder whilst they get none.

Tuesday: The army has been assembled and harangued on the *place d'armes*, the

different appointments made amongst the chiefs, &c. We have news that the army of Port-au-Prince is advancing, but whether hostilely or as friends has not yet transpired.

Wednesday: Still different rumors with respect to the army of Port-au-Prince. The President (Boyer) is at St. Marc, and two of their vessels of war are at Gonaives. This night the two princes, Dukes of Artebonite, Fort-Royal and Laxavon, with Baron Vastey, and two or three others of inferior rank, were executed in prison. The fiend Vastey died a miserable coward, as he had lived a tyrannical villain. I never knew a man more generally detested. The rest died bravely. This people is naturally brave.

Thursday: Generals Romaine and Monpoint set off for the west with part of the army. The Constitution proclaimed at the Cape. It consists of a Senate and Mayer des Communes, who are to make the laws. A letter received from Boyer, who styles himself President of Hayti. He disclaims all hostile intentions on entering this part of the island, and says he only comes to assist them against the tyrant Christophe.

Friday, 20th: A grand and solemn thanksgiving at the church, though there is not one priest in the country. We hear of a misunderstanding between Generals Romaine and Richard, and also that General Charles Pierre is gone away disaffected. At night, two of our four deputies which were sent to Port-au-Prince returned, accompanied by a general of the other side, with a staff and some soldiers.

Saturday: Generals Romaine and Monpoint returned from the army.

Sunday: A grand council, with divisions and quarrels amongst the chiefs, which were likely to terminate in bloodshed. However, at last, all were induced to sign an invitation to Boyer (the President of the other side), to take command here also. With this invitation his deputies departed, and he is soon expected here.

Monday: A grand proclamation — Boyer President of Hayti. All the chiefs went in the procession. Much acclamation.

In the evening I dined with General Monpoint. I thought he looked sorry, when I reproached him with leaving the riches of the King for the people of the other side to share with them. I urged that they ought, at least, to have shared that between them, before they gave an invitation to Boyer.

Tuesday: They have shared some money to-day, and talk of sharing more.

Wednesday: the army of the President. I was riding with General Thabaine, and met the advanced guard. They consisted of the regiments which first rose against the King. The Generals of the Cape demand

that they shall not enter into the city. The President refuses.

Thursday, 25th: This morning the President entered with his army, about 10,000. The troops were drawn up at the "Fossette," the northern suburb of the Cape, so called, to receive him. He rode round their lines, whilst they cried: "*Vive President Boyer!*" The troops were well clad, and, after so long a march, look surprisingly well. The cavalry were particularly fine. Nearly all the republican regiments had bands like those of England.

Friday: The town is full of soldiers. They behave remarkably orderly and quiet. The Port-au-Prince money abundantly in circulation. Trade begins to revive.

Saturday: They are billeting the soldiers upon the house-holders; they have given me two. Father O'Flinn is arrived, so that we have again one priest in the country; we have been months without a single one. I hear that the President was proclaimed to-day, but I was not at the proclamation.

Sunday: A grand dinner given by the President. The Port-au-Prince fleet arrived in the Roads. The King's doubloons quite plenty. All the soldiers paid. All is quiet.

The President stayed about three weeks in the Cape, and then went to Fort Dauphin to settle affairs there. Whilst he was on his road, he was obliged to return, on account of a mutiny of the garrison of the Cape. The soldiers said they had not been paid as much as was promised them. This was quelled, and he again set forward on his journey. In a few days he returned, and remained here till the beginning of December, when he again departed for Port-au-Prince, leaving General Magny as the chief in command here.

I should have mentioned that, during the President's stay here, we were visited by two French frigates, which stayed four days. Some of the officers came on shore, and had an audience. The next day they set sail. Nothing has transpired of the nature of the communications they made to the President.

The police now established is not comparable to that of the King. Robberies are very frequent, fights in the streets are quite common, and the soldiers are lying about everywhere gaming. This last vice they are horribly addicted to. Like the Malays, they will play away everything they have, even to their shirts, and then steal to play again. They are very insolent, and think their country the best in the world, and themselves a match for all the rest of the world put together.

The President's restrictions on trade are much heavier than those of the King. The merchants are grumbling, and some talk of

leaving the country. I would to God the time had come when I can go. I am heartily sick of both country and people.

Many of the people of this side have gone to Port-au-Prince. They say they are afraid some other tyrant may start up and oppress them. Mme. Christophe and her daughters are also gone. This lady said to Dr. Stewart, the other day, that she was convinced that he poisoned her husband, and that his debility, and inability to exert himself in opposition to the insurrectionary chiefs was owing to some drugs which the Doctor had given him expressly. What infatuation! I understand that the President has appropriated the rent of one or two of her estates to her maintenance. If I were she, I would go and live in the United States. It will be long ere this people forget her husband, and she will always be subject to insult if she walk out of her house. These people are very illiberal and saucy. When she first came into town, she was put into the house out of which her son was taken to go to prison, where he was murdered. She remained there three days without food, except a little cassava bread, which an old woman brought her. What a change was this for these high dames, who had their nice repasts four or five times a-day! Both they and the King were very fond of good things, and of their being very often repeated. But the King did not mind the other tables of his household, for at the table of his "Etat Major," where I dined often in his latter days, I generally found a scurvy repast, and always very bad wine. Indeed, I complained to the attendant of the latter, and he furnished me with better; but the others at the table had the same, and not much of it, either!

Notwithstanding so many have left for Port-au-Prince, yet many more have settled here. The town is quite full, and it is very difficult to get a house. Rents are very high, and they talk of raising them still higher.

In February we had almost daily tumults. Battles were fought in the streets, lives were lost, and many were wounded. We had news from St. Marc's that the Eighth regiment (the commencers of the revolution) had risen against the authority of the President. On the 25th, Generals Richarde and Cymetiere, with the Colonel and some inferior officers, were arrested here, and shipped off, on the next day, for Port-au-

Prince. Their houses were pillaged here by the mob, on the day of arrest. They were accused of participation in the revolt of the military of St. Marc's, but it does not appear that there is enough to condemn them.

We had, in the month of January, an influx of priests, one Irish—Father O'Flinn (a truly excellent and good man)—and four or five Spanish, so that the country is better supplied with lessons of piety than at any time during the authority of the King. Many who knew the King best, thought he would never have another priest after the archbishop; and he was heard to swear against all churches because he happened to be taken ill in one. He often ridiculed the superstitions of the Catholic religion, and said if he were to be of any he would choose the Protestant. Nearly all the higher Haytiens are infidels.

The beginning of March our reports were very alarming. The generals of the republic had been driven out of St. Marc's and Gonaives, and all the plain was in revolt. Every young man at the Cape was enrolled in the national guard, and we were threatened with a vessel from the revolters. Numerous and strong patrols paraded the streets every night, and all was preparation and alarm. However, the republic became victorious. Richarde, Cymetiere, and several others, were shot at Port-au-Prince, after being tried by a court-martial, and order was again restored. They then had a grand mass at the Cape, and having set up a great image of the Virgin Mary, they returned her thanks for the deliverance they had experienced.

It is to be remarked, that the troops of the north were employed to quell this insurrection. Indeed, it would be almost an impracticable affair to induce the republicans to fight. They, for their part, have no idea of any such thing. It was quite funny to observe their motions here at the Cape, when the danger was at its height. They were all for running home on board their ships. They did not come up here to fight. This was a bad country—a very bad country. It was not so at Port-au-Prince. There they knew how to be quiet. Yet they would (in times of perfect safety) say that they had conquered the people of the north; for which saying they were not in security enough to prevent the people of the north often giving them a good drubbing.



## A MILITARY ADVENTURE IN THE PYRENEES.

## CHAPTER XIII.

On arriving at our billet, we there found the Padre, who expressed his profound regrets at the insult offered by the villagers to my companion, and repeated his assurance that nothing of the kind should happen again.

"Señor Padre," said I, "that is hardly sufficient. I think that people who misconduct themselves as the villagers have done, should be made sensible of their error by stringent measures."

"This time let it pass," said M. le Tisanier. "Should the same thing happen again, I shall hold the alcalde responsible, and shall invite him" (M. le T. twists his mustache) "to promenade outside the village."

The Padre was in a little bit of a fidget. We had come upon him in the kitchen, with a ladle on the stove, and sleeves turned up. He was casting bullets.

"No news of this French column," said he; "I have been waiting all here, expecting intelligence all the morning."

"Why not send out some of the villagers?" I asked. "They might pick up information."

"Señor Capitan," he replied, "I have thought of a better plan than that. You and I were to have gone out shooting to-day. Suppose we go to-morrow morning."

"With much pleasure," said I, "but what are we to effect by that?"

"We will take a new direction," he replied. "We will not go northwards, as hitherto; we will go southwards. This will bring us towards the point from which the enemy are approaching. We may obtain tidings; perhaps we may get a sight of them."

"You must be guide, then," I answered. "Of course, you know the ground."

"Trust me for that," said he. "I will not take you by the direct route across the open plain. We will strike off to the right, and skirt the foot of the hills."

"Why go over rough ground, in preference to level?" I asked.

"Ah," said he, "you are, I perceive, a novice in guerrilla warfare. Regular tactics are your line. If they caught sight of us on the open plain, don't you see they would be sure to overtake and capture us? If we have the hills on our flank, cannot we at any time escape up the rocks and gullies? They are not likely to follow us there. If they do, at any rate, I promise you some beautiful shooting."

"Let alone a little bloodletting among the thorn-bushes," said I; "trousers in

tatters, and our boots rolling heels over head down all sorts of places."

"We must go on foot," he replied.

"Very good," said I; "you know best. Only recollect my left leg is in far better walking order for half-a-league than for half-a-dozen. Suppose I knock up?"

"Chito! then I will carry you on my back."

"Be it so," said I, inwardly determining to drop dead tired for the fun of the thing, and take a spell out of the Padre as long as I found it pleasant. "Then, to-morrow after breakfast——"

"We must start before breakfast," said the Padre.

Supposing the enemy at hand, it really was desirable to know what they were about. So I ended by assenting, with one proviso, to all the Padre's propositions. The proviso was, that in the interval we received no intelligence sufficiently conclusive of itself, and rendering our reconnaissance superfluous.

## CHAPTER XIV.

No intelligence arrived, and early next morning we set out to seek the foe. M. le Tisanier was up betimes to see us off. "Expect to see me return," said I, "in a state of absolute exhaustion and immense inflation, with heels hanging down over the Padre's shoulders. In pity have a good dinner ready."

"I shall be prepared for you," said M. le Tisanier.

"Of course you feel easy," said I to the Padre as we went along, "respecting the four Frenchmen."

"No fear about them," replied the Padre. "They know it is their safety to keep quiet, and if they come to any harm, it will be their own act. If they attempt to move, or even show themselves abroad, they will be shot down *huego, luego*."

Our ramble proved well worth taking for its own sake; but we saw no Frenchmen, and very little game. The Padre was fortunate, and bagged a fox. My success was but scanty in respect to hares and partridges. After a long detour through a wild and very thinly inhabited district, and a few calls at scattered cottages, or rather hovels, the abode of a rough and noble peasantry, all of whom received the Padre with profound veneration, and me as his companion with high Spanish courtesy, we reached at length a village which we had agreed to make the extreme limit of our excursion. Still obtaining no intelligence, we set out, after resting, on our return. We now, however, took the direct route over the plain, and found our journey homeward far more agreeable than our jour-

ney out. There was a point on which I deemed it requisite to obtain information, and, the Padre being in a remarkably conversable vein, the present seemed a good opportunity.

"You mentioned," said I, "that the proprietors of your abode were worthy people. I should be sorry, for their sakes, if the house received damage from the enemy."

*He.* "It is not altogether for their sakes that I wish to preserve the house."

*I.* "Of course, not altogether. Your own property — your own effects —"

*He.* "I have no property; I have no effects; I have nothing. It is a rule of my order. I am under a vow of poverty. No, no; my wish springs from a principle of honor."

*I.* "Just what I should feel towards my own landlord. But you say it is not on your landlord's account."

*He.* "It is on account of the fraternity of which I am an unworthy member."

*I.* "O, O! then your fraternity have an interest in the premises?"

*He.* "Not exactly in the building itself, but in its contents. The fact is, our convent — but I forget. You, as a heret — pardon me; you, as an Englishman, can have no acquaintance with our regulations. I will just explain. Our poor indigent community has some trifling property in lands, principally vineyards. I am their factor. That house is one of our depôts."

*I.* "Very good wine, too, the growth of your estates. Little did I imagine, while seated with you at table, or puffing a cigar, that we were sipping the property of the Church."

*He.* "You may say smoking as well as sipping. The cigars also are the property of our humble fraternity."

*I.* "Well, I like that idea of a vow of poverty amazingly. You don't intend to convert me?"

*He* (benignantly). "One thing at a time. As to the wine we drink, you mistake, however, if you suppose that is the wine we grow. The wine grown on our lands is the *ordinario* sort — abundant, indeed, as to quantity, and in that respect valuable; but not of a sort fit to be drunk by my order. No, no; we exchange it for better. For example, what you have been drinking I trust you will admit is a good sound wine."

*I.* "As good a Spanish red wine as I ever tasted;" — and it was no compliment.

*He.* "Yes, yes; and we sometimes exchange for foreign wines. Would that you had been here before the branch convent, which is now your hospital, was ransacked by the French. Have I not good reason for shooting a Frenchman whenever I can? Ah,

I would have given you such a bottle of *bordeaux*! And port! As good port as you can drink in the Peninsula, and far better than you ever are likely to drink in your own country."

*I.* "And so it is you who have the management of all this. Surely it must give you no end of trouble."

*He.* "Trouble? It is my business. Besides that, it is a duty I owe my fraternity, consequently a duty of my profession. As to trouble, my only real trouble is in running foreign goods from the coast, or across the frontiers. I certainly do sometimes find a little trouble in that. But why should I complain? After all, it is exciting, and so far a pleasure. A man of my cloth ought always to be contented."

*I.* "French goods?"

*He.* "French goods and English. French across the Pyrenees; English from the shores of the Mediterranean and Bay of Biscay. We sell again at a very fair profit — moderate as becomes our order, but fair nevertheless."

*I.* "A heavy deduction, though, the fiscal exactions of your government, no doubt."

"Fiscal?" he exclaimed, frowning horribly. "Fiscal? Do you think me, in managing the concerns of my venerable brotherhood, capable of such a dereliction of principle — do you consider me such an ass as to permit any deduction like that? Why, if we conducted our little business subject to fiscal obstructions, we might as well have no management at all. Señor Capitan, although this conversation was brought on by a remark on your part, the subject is one on which I have long wished to confer with you confidentially, and I thank you for the opportunity. And now let me bespeak your kind, benevolent offices on behalf of my self-denying, humble brethren. As I said before, we profess poverty, we have nothing. Charitable laics, touched by our dependent and destitute condition, have from time to time bequeathed us trifles of landed property, which we frugally farm to the best advantage, taking the chance — you know it is a toss-up — of profit or loss. The produce, when realized, we turn to account as well as our poor opportunities permit; and my object is to supplicate your best offices in behalf of our little store in the village, which, as well as one or two others in different localities, is under my charge and responsibility. Some damage our store has suffered already. After the plunder of the convent by the French, your own troops, on their arrival in the village, found their way into the cellar of the house, and were beginning to make free with the wine, when you happily arrived, and order was soon restored. All I ask is, that

as long as you remain here, or have influence in this neighborhood, you will kindly give our depôt the benefit of your protection, so far as you may be able. I ask it, not only on my own account, but for the sake of my venerable brethren. Our wants are few. The French silks and English prints we sell for what we can get. We also drive a trifling business in English cutlery and French *quincaillerie*. The poor must do something to live. As to the convent in Vittoria, I forward to it from time to time, as best I can, and, when I have got them, only little supplies of such common necessities as *bordeaux*, port, champagne, sherry, French brandy when I can get it good, sardines, gruyère cheese, caviar, vermicelli, macaroni, spicery, Dutch herrings, *maraschino*, Hamburg sausages, and a few other little knicknackeries not worth enumerating. Our wants are few."

Had liberal Spain, when she laid hands on the property of the religious orders, gone through as she began, made a clean work of it, and reformed ALL that we consider the errors and abuses of Romanism, I, as an ardent Protestant, should have cordially rejoiced. But merely to confiscate endowments, and to leave other things as they are, is a different thing. There can be no doubt of it, that at the beginning of this century, when Napoleon I. attempted to make Spain a province of France, the Spanish clergy, by their influence with the nation, and by their success in maintaining the spirit of national resistance, were the saviours of their country. That these have been made the victims and the only victims of reform, is hard indeed.

I walked on, listening to the Padre's discourse with so much interest, that we arrived close upon our village before I recollected his promise of a lift, and my own fixed purpose of taking it out of him. We were now not a quarter of a mile from our journey's end; and I was beginning to muse, with complacent anticipation, on the capital dinner which M. le Tisanier was to have ready on our arrival, when we noticed Francisco coming down the lane to meet us.

As he approached with hasty strides, his visage was clouded. He made an angry gesture, as if signalling us to halt.

"That endiablado doctor," said he, "(may his soul never see the inside of purgatory!) has armed the four Frenchmen, seized all the ammunition in the village, and barricaded the house!"

## CHAPTER XV.

We halted. As the tidings brought by Francisco derived Padre de utterance, I demanded particulars.

It appeared from Francisco's indignant

statement that, subsequently to our departure, when M. le Tisanier, having made his preliminary arrangements for our dinner, had visited the hospitals, and was returning through the village, he was again set upon by the inhabitants. The villagers, taking advantage of the Padre's absence, surrounded and insulted him, menaced both him and the four prisoners with death, and pelted him with stones, one of which had taken effect, very much to the detriment of his physiognomy. On reaching home, however, he occupied himself as usual, without doing anything to excite suspicion; but, after a while, he sent off Francisco with a message to the "two wounded Spaniards" at the convent, and with directions to await their further instructions. After being detained a couple of hours, which he spent in the study of English, under the tuition of the convalescent soldiers, with whom Francisco was popular, the two Spaniards merely gave him directions to go home again, and he returned to the house.

On entering the kitchen, he was surprised to see what to all appearance was a dinner ready-cooked, arranged on a tray, and under covers. M. le Tisanier, pointing to the tray, bade him carry it to the Alcalde's, with a message that he himself would be there immediately. The Alcalde was from home; and Francisco, on coming out after leaving the tray, beheld in the street a spectacle which, as he elegantly expressed himself, "revolved his interior" (*revolvio-me las tripas*). Close at hand appeared, all bearing their muskets and fully accoutred, the four French soldiers, headed by M. le Tisanier, who marched *en militaire*, with his drawn sword sloped on his shoulder. This armed party, compelling him to return with them, entered the Alcalde's house, demanded all the arms on the premises, obtained a gun, a blunderbuss, a pair of Spanish rapiers, and a quantity of ammunition. They then, leaving behind them a basket which contained several bottles of the Padre's wine, went back to the house, which immediately on their entering they barricaded, leaving the astonished Francisco in the street.

The villagers noticed these proceedings with consternation, but had been taken by surprise, and were overawed by the military display. After the closing of the house, they assembled tumultuously in the street, and meditated all sorts of things. But M. le Tisanier, appearing at the window of an *entresuelo* (a closet or small chamber half-way up-stairs), warned them to disperse if they did not wish to be fired upon; an admonition which they were the more readily induced to follow by a bullet that whistled over their heads. They then withdrew to their huts, anxiously watching the closed house,

in which no movement was discernible, and expecting with much palpitation the Padre's return.

Francisco, recovering from his first surprise, had started off, he told us, in search of the Padre and me; but not knowing which way we had taken, assuming that we had followed our usual direction towards the shooting-ground, and being too much confused to make inquiries, he had covered a great deal of ground to no purpose, and had not got back to the village till a short time before our return.

"Santiago de Compostella!" gasped the Padre, at length recovering partially his senses and his breath, and dashing his banner on the ground. "For which of my many sins was I withheld from cutting that hangdog's throat the first moment that I set eyes on him? Santiago! *Trecientos mil diablos!*"

"Compose yourself, Señor Padre," said I. "At least wait till we see how things look, and till we can judge for ourselves. If the Doctor has been menaced and assaulted, what wonder that he should place himself in security till our return? The business, according to my view of it, is not so serious as you appear to think."

"Ah!" said the Padre, wiping the cold sweat from his forehead, "you are very kind. I totally forgot what I had just told you—that, with the exception of the wine, I had sent off all our stores to Vittoria.—O, no! I mistake! Three dozen Lamego hams! Beautiful!—delicate? The choicest rarity in these parts! O, my Lamego hams! To think that the poor provision for my self-denying, self-mortifying, exemplary brethren should go to feed those hounds of Frenchmen!"

"Never mind," I replied, still striving to tranquillize his agitated feelings; "should the worst come to the worst, we'll have them out of that long before they finish your hams. But, not to lose time, suppose I just step forward, and try the effects of a parley."

#### CHAPTER XVI.

On approaching the house, which had now become a *place d'armes*, I saw no one stirring. Every shutter was closed. It was a square low building, as old as the Moors, flat-roofed, solidly built of stone. Its little windows were high above the level of the ground. As I drew nigh, I remarked that the large massive door, which usually stood open all day, was, as well as the shutters, closed. Spanish-fashion, I took the liberty of kicking at the said door, in the absence of any such superfluities as bell or knocker. A voice responded over my head, "*Quien es?*" (Who is it?)

I looked up. At the window above, already indicated by Francisco's narrative, with an awfully damaged peeper, stood M. le Tisanier. He bowed politely.

"Ah!" said he. "So you have returned from your reconnaissance. Any intelligence of the French column? What sport to-day?"

Not choosing to answer the former of these inquiries, I addressed myself to the latter. "Very poor indeed. Only a brace and a half of birds, and a couple of hares. The Padre, though, has brought home a fox. Dinner ready?"

He. "Your dinner? O, yes, that was ready some hours ago. It awaits you at the Alcalde's—hope you'll enjoy it. It will merely require warming."

I. "Shall we not, then, have the pleasure of your company?"

He. "To tell you the truth, I have made up my mind to remain where I am. The villagers, as you perceive, have maltreated me; so the idea occurred to me, my best plan would be to fortify the house."

I. "In our absence, quite right. But now that the Padre has returned, as well as myself, no further precaution is requisite."

He. "Pardon me. I take quite a different view of the subject."

I (a little annoyed). "Explain yourself."

He. "In case you should receive satisfactory intelligence that my countrymen are approaching in force, and supposing you should in consequence deem it requisite to evacuate this hamlet and fall back on Vittoria, permit me to inquire, would you not feel it your duty to invite me to accompany you as a prisoner?"

I. "Probably."

He. "Of course you would. Now, that being your duty, I have been led to consider what, under the circumstances, is my duty. And it strikes me, I confess, that in the prospect of a speedy re-union with my countrymen, the most proper thing I can do is—to remain where I am."

I. "Permit me, however, to suggest, that if you persist in this view, and if we should be induced in consequence to adopt vigorous measures, you may find yourself, on their proving successful, very awkwardly situated among the people of this place. You know their feeling, and I might no longer be able to restrain them."

He. "Permit me, on the other hand, to suggest, that should I maintain myself in this house till my countrymen arrive, the exploit will cover me with glory, my comrades will rush to congratulate me, and I shall be appreciated throughout the French army. In short, M. le Capitaine, I consider



my actual position impregnable; and never in my life did I feel more completely at my ease than I do at this moment. Benevolently anxious to prevent the needless effusion of blood, I tender you my disinterested advice to abstain from any rash attempt; and, by no means unwilling to impart useful information, I beg to state that, while your sick men in the hospital have next to no ammunition, I, on my part, have secured all the powder and shot in the village. The Padre's store, the Alcalde's, and—pardon me—your own, are all in my safe-keeping."

Beginning to feel out of temper, I made an appeal. "I thought, Monsieur, in dealing with an officer and a gentleman, I should, at any rate, find security in his plighted word. Remember, you are on your parole."

"Ah!" he replied with much gravity, "you touch my honor. I cannot permit that. But, Monsieur, I think you scarcely recollect. My parole? Let me see. What was my parole? That I would not escape from this place. Very good. Here I am. If my own countrymen come and fetch me away, that, of course, is quite another affair."

I was sick of this long conversation, and a little sulky. "Monsieur," said I, "you seem to reckon on the arrival of your countrymen. Doubtless the movement on their part will bring some of mine. Should you hold out till they arrive (which, however, is far from certain), depend upon it you will not again obtain your parole; you will be treated as a common prisoner."

"Never mind," said he; "I must take the rough with the smooth. As far as my own military experience goes, the French are quite as quick in their movements as the English; and you yourself have taught me to believe" (he bows very low indeed) "that the conduct of British officers to a French officer who happens to find himself in their power, will never be other than that of a gentleman. By the by, I have a little request to make. Should you send for assistance to Vittoria, pray let it be such a force that I may capitulate without disgrace, — not less than a *corps d'armée*, I beg. As to artillery, a siege-train, if you please. I could not possibly surrender to field guns."

I felt excessively disgusted, and was about to withdraw. Yet, recollecting that, with all his gasconade, M. le Tisanier had certainly manifested a sort of good feeling, by preparing our dinner in the midst of his arrangements for defence, I paused.

"I am sorry our stock of game is so small to day," said I. "Will you do me the favor to accept of it?"

"No," said he, with an air of decision;

"I could not. Excuse me. A thousand thanks."

"Come, come," said I; "bent as you are on resistance, at least let us carry on this war without mutual animosity. Oblige me by accepting of the hares and partridges for your private use."

"It is out of the question," he answered firmly. "Honor forbids my compliance. Nevertheless," he added, after a pause, as if struck by some new idea, "to prove that I am not above receiving an obligation, I will accept—the fox."

Accept the fox? Though not exactly understanding this, I returned to where I had left the produce of the day's sport in the keeping of the Padre and Francisco. The Padre was gone; so, making free to lift the fox from Francisco's shoulders, I went back to the place of conference, and handed it up to M. le Tisanier, who re-appeared at his window. He received the gift without explanation, but with a profusion of bows as well as many polite acknowledgments. Fortunate for him were his limber indications of gratitude; for, just as he made his first bow on receiving the slaughtered fox, the crack of a musket from an opposite hovel was accompanied by the whiz of a bullet, which passed just over his head, and, had he remained upright, would have doubtless passed through it.

"Good," said he; "another bullet added to our store of ammunition, and one charge less in the Padre's pouch. That was his musket."

"Now," said I, "be persuaded. Go in at once. The Padre will not make a second miss."

"It will take at least two minutes," he replied, "ere the Padre can fire again. Monsieur," he continued, with earnestness and emotion, "I have yet a request. Having resolved to assume my present attitude of defensive hostilities, not so much for my own sake, as to save my captive countrymen, to whom even your influence might not always prove an adequate protection in this execrable village, I think you can guess the parties who are now the chief objects of my solicitude. On the whole, I judged it their safest course that they should continue in the hospital rather than join me here. As Spaniards, should they find their present position untenable, they can at any rate escape. But, as you know my secret, may I still depend on your good offices? May I venture to hope that, in any case of exigency, you will render all the assistance in your power to one whose life I prize, as much as—as much as I disregard my own?" There spoke the Gascon.

"Depend upon me," I replied. "Now withdraw from the window without further parley."

He backed into the house with another bow, and reclosed the shutter. As he disappeared he smiled; nor could I altogether preserve my gravity.

Certainly the Padre's ideas touching the laws of war were a little primitive. In fact, his firing while the conference was in progress looked almost like violating a flag of truce.

"Well, Señor Padre," said I, on entering the cottage whence the shot had proceeded, "how do you intend to regain possession of your house?"

The Padre looked dumbfounded. "I rather depended on your experience," he replied. "Were I in the house, I would undertake to hold it against fifty Frenchmen. But, as we must now be the assailants, and as that is a line of warfare less in my way, I look chiefly to your own more extensive acquaintance with sap, mining, intrenchments, and approaches."

"No, no," I answered. "You have thought fit to commence operations, so you must go through with them."

"Señor Capitan," said the Padre, "I am already sufficiently punished by having missed that shot. Do not aggravate my penalty by——" Enter a messenger in haste.

It was Francisco, not only in haste, but in a high state of exasperation. His look I will not attempt to delineate. The face of a well-conducted, taciturn, sober-minded Spaniard, when distorted by passion, must be seen, not described; and, if seen, will not soon be forgotten.

"The enemy," he cried, "defies us! He has hoisted his standard!"

We looked towards the house. An ensign of some sort he had raised, sure enough; of what kind we could not immediately distinguish, but the fact was palpable. From the flat roof there rose a slender pole, and at its summit hung suspended and swinging in the wind a something—what?—the fox's brush.

#### CHAPTER XVII.

FRANCISCO spoke truly. It was defiance, and no mistake. To hang out a fox's tail! Not only defiance, but mockery—rank insult! I had suggested to M. le Tisanier, in our recent parley, the possible arrival of an English force. But this was a contingency to be now as much deprecated on my part as on his. To be caught by my countrymen laying siege to my own prisoner ensconced in my own billet, the house-top surmounted by a banner which whimsically

spoke the language of challenge and derision combined,—why, on returning to headquarters, I should never hear the end of it. M. le Tisanier might think it a very good joke; but I very soon settled it in my own mind that either by storm or by regular approach I must reduce him and his garrison in the least possible time. So nothing remained but to let slip the dogs of war—i. e., to open the campaign.

From inquiries instituted on my suggestion by the Padre, it was at once ascertained that the village possessed next to nothing in the shape of ammunition and *matériel* for carrying on the siege. M. le Tisanier had indeed very correctly stated that the bulk was in his own safe-keeping. Burning the house would not exactly have suited the Padre, even had it been built of combustible materials, or had I myself entertained any such truculent designs.

Without interruption on the part of the enemy, I reconnoitered the building on all sides. It stood in its strength, completely detached from all other tenements, without garden, trees, fences, or anything else affording cover for our approaches. Close by, indeed, there stood a small shed which served as a wood-house, solidly built of stone. But this also was entirely detached from the main building; and its door, opening sideways, was completely commanded from the roof and windows of the house itself.

Having posted some of the villagers to watch in the surrounding cottages, with directions to report if they noticed any movement in the house, but not to show themselves, the Padre and I, not in the best of humors, were about to withdraw to our dinner at the Alcalde's. At that moment, with some surprise, I noticed Sergeant Pegden coming down the village from the hospital.

Sergeant Pegden was a Dover man. On my visit to the hospital the day before, I had left him, tardily convalescent, in bed. His conduct in the regiment had been always good, and had gained his actual rank as a non-commissioned officer. Like many other fine fellows, he had knocked up in the Victoria campaign; and, after going into hospital, he had appeared to be laboring under a total prostration of physical powers, almost amounting to atrophy. He there was kept as comfortable as circumstances permitted, and had perfect rest. But even with all the benefit of M. le Tisanier's culinary skill, he had made but poor progress; in fact, his frame appeared too far exhausted to recruit, except very gradually indeed, by either rest or nourishment.

The Sergeant's step, as he now approached, was shaky, almost tottering. His countenance, emaciated while he remained in bed,

now looked death-like. He had turned out neat and tidy after a fashion, though his clothing was worn and faded. He reached us, and we exchanged salutes.

"Why, Pegden," said I, "what brings you down here?"

"Please—sir," he feebly replied, "I hope you'll excuse me; but we heard what has happened, so I thought I had better come down. Would have been here a good bit sooner, sir, only if I had n't not had some stitching to do first."

"What other men," I asked, "are able to turn out?"

"Please, sir," replied he, "that's what they wished me to speak to you about. There's five of them as says they can come down whenever you please, sir, only if they had a few buttons, and some needles and thread."

"Which five are they?" said I.

"There's the Lancashire man, sir," he answered, "and there's Sandwich Sam, and Cockney, and the Parson, them four. And there's Teakettle Tom, he says he thinks he could come, only he has n't not got no breeches."

"Very good," said I; "go into the house, and take some refreshment, while we see what the village can supply. To-morrow morning you can bring the men down."

The Padre having instituted an inquiry in the village to meet the requisition for military stores, we sat down to dinner. All the articles required were soon forthcoming; so, having allowed the Sergeant a little time for rest and refreshment, I directed Francisco to take the things and go back with the Sergeant to the convent.

Dinner concluded, we were leaving the house, when I was surprised to find Sergeant Pegden seated in the porch.

"Why, Sergeant," said I, "will you take anything more to eat or to drink? I fear you have overtaxed your strength."

"Nothing more, thank'e, sir," said the Sergeant. "Much obliged to you for all favours. Only please, sir, I'm waiting for that Sandwich Sam. I brought him down with me from the hospital; only when we got into the village he hung behind, because he said he was n't regimental."

"Well," said I, "bring him down in the morning with the rest, as tidy as you can turn them out. When you get back to the hospital, you will probably find he is there before you. By the by, Pegden, I suppose you know all about those two Spaniards up there."

The Sergeant sniggered. "Yes, sir," said he; "we all knows pretty well about them." The smirk on the Sergeant's cadaverous visage reminded one of a death's-head illumined

by a flash of lightning. In fact, it might be truly said that the Sergeant "grinned horribly a ghastly smile."

"Well then," I added, "tell the men I depend on their good behavior. There must be no annoyance, no interference of any kind."

I had by this time mentally arranged my plan of operations for the next day. So, after posting a relief of sentinels, I lay down in my clothes, occasionally going my rounds till daybreak, to keep the watchmen wide awake, and secure a good look-out. What I chiefly apprehended was an attempt of the garrison to escape in the night.

#### CHAPTER XVIII.

EARLY in the morning, Sergeant Pegden brought down his party; one short, however, of the number announced by him the evening before. The absent man was Sam, the same who had been already reported missing. In fact, I learnt from the Sergeant that Sam had been out all night, and had not returned to the convent at all. This was a serious reduction of our available force.

Sandwich Sam, *alias* "Shrimps," had, previous to his enlistment, enjoyed the benefit of a somewhat amphibious education. By profession a hoyman, but also smart as a smuggler, he had occasionally condescended to fill up a leisure hour with the lively amusement of shrimping. Though certainly not the steadiest man in the regiment, Sam, who was a very handy fellow, and an old campaigner, when sober knew his duty, and maintained, on the whole, the character of a smart soldier.

Under other circumstances, I should have given directions for looking him up. But the sick Sergeant, and his party of convalescents, had, in their zeal for his majesty's service, come down without their breakfast. I therefore felt it my more immediate duty, as the best preparation for the exploits of the day, to supply them with that needful meal. My brave army had turned out anything but stout in health and smart in equipment; but they all showed full of pluck, well under command, and ready for anything.

Having extemporized a breakfast for the men, the Padre and I sat down to our own. Touching the important operations of the day, we were proceeding with our arrangements when an interruption took place, in the shape of a little disturbance outside. Sergeant Pegden was speaking to some one in the street, and speaking loud, in a voice of authority and angry expostulation.

"Come now, you; be quiet. Fall in and behave like a man."

A voice responded: "File up your rusty

old keys! Lock up your chistises! and go to dinner with the poor!"

"Better take care, Sam," growled Teakettle Tom in a low voice. "The Captain's in there a-having his breakfast."

"O, is he?" replied Sam, "then I'll give him a song:

'My fairther, he's a prescher,  
A wherry honest man;  
My mother, she's a washy-wom';  
And I'm a true Brit-tan,  
With my whack fol-lol,' &c.

I send Francisco to call in Sergeant Pegden. Enter the Sergeant.

"Why, Pegden," said I, "what's all this about?"

"Very sorry, sir," replied the Sergeant; "but I'm afraid Sandwich Sam is a little overtaken."

"How can that be?" I asked. "Where could he get it?"

"Please, sir, I don't know," said the Sergeant. "But he seems to have got too much of it, and he has some with him now."

"Bring him in," said I.

Glorious, but a little stupid, Sam was brought in. His hand grasped the neck of a half-emptied bottle. Under his arm was another bottle corked and full.

"I see what's the matter," said the Padre. "The man has found his way into the store-closet, and got at the wine which was brought here yesterday. Francisco, how could you be so negligent? Step into the back-room, and see whether he has left us any."

Francisco went as directed, and promptly returned. "Not a bottle is missing," said he.

"Señor Capitan," said the Padre, "this is an enigma. With the exception of my stock, there is no bottled wine in the village."

"To make sure, suppose we try it," said I.

"No need of that," answered the Padre. "The villagers keep their wine in skins. The Alcalde keeps his in a barrel. Within a circuit of three or four leagues, my cellar, since our convent here was plundered, is the only depôt of bottled wine. My reason for keeping a stock you will readily understand. My poor self-denying fraternity, when they do drink wine, prefer it from the bottle, not from the wood."

"Why then, according to that," said I, "this drunken fellow must, since last night, have found his way into the cellar of the house which we are presently to attack and carry by storm."

"I can only repeat what I have said already," replied the Padre. "It is an enigma."

"Where have you been, Sam?" I asked. "What have you been about?"

"About?" hiccupped Sam. "What have you been about? I am the lad as can (*hiccup*) show the British (*hiccup*) army how to walk into (*hiccup*) the hinimny's persition, and (*hiccup*) — O, my dear Sergeant Pegden, I vos so wherry dry (*hiccup*) — knocked off the heads of half-a-dozen (*hiccup*) — and did n't not drink ownny hate on 'em (*hiccup*.) Hooray! Death or glo — (*hiccup, hiccup*). Here Sam became so much worse, that I felt it advisable to order his immediate removal from the apartment.

It was no bad way of assailing the hostile fortress, if we could effect a lodgment in its lowest storeys. Assuming that Sam had been there before us, the first question was how he entered; but this he was too far gone to tell us.

#### CHAPTER XIX.

It was imperative, however, to determine the question without loss of time, and to determine it without revealing the fact to the garrison, to whom, it was to be presumed, their weak point remained as yet a secret. Under these circumstances, having first directed Francisco to ascertain as far as possible, in the village, what Sam had been about the night before, I promptly commenced a general reconnaissance of the enemy's position. The affair, which had hitherto been stupid enough, now became a little exciting. I made the circuit of the beleaguered house without interruption from the foe, but also without discovering an entrance.

My attention, however, was at length attracted by the wood-house, which stood by the side of the premises, contiguous, but wholly detached from them. At that end of the shed which was farthest removed from the main building, I noticed, close to the gable-wall, what appeared to be a small heap of rubbish. To this, without betraying my object, I could not make a direct approach; yet it seemed to invite some further investigation.

It soon became apparent, on more particularly noting the character of the locality, that, by availing himself of the shelter afforded by one or two neighboring cottages, a person might approach obliquely, without being noticed from the dwelling itself, right up to the end wall of the wood-house, where the rubbish was lying on the ground. Immediately availing myself of this important discovery, I made my approaches accordingly, and reached the spot.

The heap of rubbish was at once accounted for. A hole had been broken in the wall. The opening was sufficiently large, so I took the liberty of entering, and now found my-



self in the wood-house, which was decidedly an outwork of the enemy's position.

Sam had been there before me, and had left his marks in the shape of empty bottles. But, what was still more important to the progress of the siege, I noticed, at the other end of the shed, which was furthest from the perforated wall and nearest to the house, an excavation in the earthen floor. I looked down, but could not discover its depth. Nothing could be discovered, save darkness visible.

Here then was the shaft by which Sam had walked into the Padre's best bin; and here too, in all probability, was a ready-made entrance into the enemy's stronghold. Determining to muster my forces, and head an assault without further loss of time, I quitted the outhouse as I had entered it, without being observed, and returned to the Alcalde's. The Padre, at my request, followed me into a private room.

"Señor Padre," said I, "oblige me by describing in general terms the topography of your cellar."

"Ah, *hijo mio*," said the Padre with deep emotion, "I trust you have no idea of carrying on the war in that quarter. Believe me, except the Lamego hams, the cellar contains nothing but wine."

"Tell me," I asked, "does your cellar extend under ground in a lateral direction? Has it any subterranean recesses?"

"Nothing, believe me," replied the Padre in a panic, "with the sole exception of the wine and the hams, and a few trifling articles in silver which I succeeded in rescuing from our plundered convent."

"If you wish," I replied, "to be reinstated forthwith in the possession of your cellar, and of your house besides, only have the goodness to explain to me —"

"O, spare the cellar!" cried the Padre, frightened out of his wits, "even if a dozen houses — all the houses in the village — are assaulted, sacked, gutted, levelled with the ground, blown up sky-high!"

"What's the use of talking in that way?" I replied. "Come, Señor Padre, just give me the information I want, and it shall go hard with us but you and I will dine in the house this afternoon. We must take it off-hand, and I already discern the road to victory. Only tell me, does the cellar extend, underground, outside the walls of the house? In particular, does it extend in the direction of the adjoining shed?"

The Padre subsided into a brown study. "Why, now you ask the question," said he, "I think it does. The house is old, built after the fashion of the Moors. There certainly is an underground recess or passage, of some length, going off from the cellar;

and, on consideration, I think it must run in the direction of the wood-house — nay, perhaps extend under it. Probably it served originally as a subterranean communication between the outhouse and the house itself."

The "enigma" was now well-nigh solved. I summoned Francisco, and inquired whether he had succeeded in obtaining from the villagers any intelligence of Sam's proceedings. All that could be learnt amounted to this, which, however was quite decisive: that Sam, the night before, when he stole away from Sergeant Pegden, went begging from cottage to cottage, till he had procured the loan of an implement called a "pico," which, though not identical with an English pickaxe, in some measure resembles it, and is available for the same purposes. Sam, having made this acquisition, was seen no more, till he re-appeared in the village next morning, "mucho embriagado" (very drunk).

I also recollected that when, on our first occupation of the village, some little plundering took place, Sam, though he had pleaded exemption from duty as an invalid, and had been brought along on a bullock-car, then also contrived to become considerably elevated; and I now felt convinced that he had made his first acquaintance with the Padre's cellar on that occasion. The rest was easily explained. An old smuggler, accustomed, in the locality of his former exploits, Kingsdown, Walmer, Richborough, &c., to underground deposits of goods, he had, in his previous visit to the Padre's bins, at once made himself acquainted with the peculiarities of the position; and now, on his return to the village with the Sergeant, he had promptly embraced this first opportunity of renewing his acquaintance with such an agreeable locality. Hence the requisition for the pickaxe, the hole in the wall, the excavation in the floor. Sam, it was clear, had tapped the Padre's cellar before he tapped his wine.

Taking a circuitous route in order that the enemy might not discover our movements, I brought round the Sergeant and three of the men to the perforated wall. We then passed through the opening, one by one, and got into the wood-house unseen by the garrison. Hurrah! we have effected a lodgment in the enemy's counterscarp — only don't make a noise.

#### CHAPTER XX.

THE shaft by which Sandwich Sam had dropped into the Padre's cellar could not be very deep, but we saw no bottom. It struck me that something might be gained by excluding the daylight, which principally en-

tered by the newly-made hole in the gable-end of the shed. Against this hole, therefore, I placed the three soldiers, to keep out as much light as possible; and now the Sergeant and I, on looking down into the shaft, were able to discern a glimmer which, feeble as it was, sufficed to show us that, assisted by others, a person might descend with no great difficulty. I, therefore, descended first; the Sergeant followed; then came the men.

We found ourselves in an arched tunnel constructed of stone, and leading from under the outhouse, with which in former days it had doubtless communicated, right into the cellar, which we entered—cautiously, you may suppose, but without difficulty. Now, M. le Tisanier! Once in the cellar, we no longer had need to grope our way. There was no window, but light came in from various crannies. I listened. There were footsteps above. So! we were under the kitchen. How effect an entrance?

Close to the wall of the cellar, and immediately to the left of the opening by which we had entered from the recess, stood a dilapidated flight of steps, say an old ladder. Doubtless there was a trap-door at its summit. I mounted, and gently pressed against the ceiling above. It gave signs of yielding. The way into the fortress, then, lay open before us. Turning to Sergeant Pegden, I desired him in a whisper to remain with the three soldiers where he was, but to hold them in readiness to come forth on my first summons.

Then, using a little more force, I gradually raised the trap-door, which was kind enough not to creak, and emerged into the kitchen. There stood M. le Tisanier, *solus*. Profoundly intent on some culinary operation, which with his accustomed sedulity he was conducting at the stove, he awhile remained utterly unconscious of my presence. I let down the trap-door into its frame, and so concealed the manner of my entrance.

From scanty materials he was preparing dinner for the garrison. On a dresser I noticed—1, A very moderate supply of bread for a party of five; 2, Some lard; 3, Certain wild herbs, roots, and champignons, such as he had been accustomed to cull in his rambles; 4, The bones remaining from former meals, especially those of a hare, a goose, and a hind quarter of mutton; 5, The giblets of the said goose, set apart with the head and pluck of the said hare, as if designed for some signal triumph of a scanty cuisine. I coughed. He turned.

Startled at first, he recovered in an instant his usual self-possession and urbanity.

"Ah," said he, "good morning, M. le Capitaine. I am not at present exactly aware how you found your way in, but I am

not the less happy to see you. In entering without noise you have acted wisely. Considering the state of things outside, you could not have adopted a more discreet or a safer mode of presenting yourself before me, with the view of surrendering yourself a prisoner. Good. You will do me the honor of dining with me. Thus will you escape the inconvenience of losing, even for a single day, the benefit of my matchless skill as a culinary amateur."

"I see you are preparing dinner," said I, "without having availed yourself of the Padre's stores."

"Bah!" he exclaimed; "cooking, in its higher operations, is independent of materials. When there is nothing for dinner, then it is that the true artist develops his professional resources. To tell you the truth, Monsieur, the Padre's chief store is his cellar, into which he never permitted me to enter. I therefore, with that delicacy which always distinguishes men of elevated sentiments like myself, felt it right, now that I am in military possession, to abstain from purveying in that direction."

This was all the better for the Padre's Lamego hams, and also the enterprise by which we had effected a lodgment. For, had M. le Tisanier once made acquaintance with the cellar, he was not the man to have left that way of approach unguarded.

"How is it," I asked, "that your garrison keeps so bad a look-out? Here am I, come to beat up your quarters, without having received a single challenge."

"Pooh, pooh," he replied; "no doubt they let you in on purpose. As you have presented yourself here without showing a flag of truce, of course I must regard you as my prisoner."

"Excuse me," said I, "if I take the opposite view. Monsieur, you are my prisoner. Probably you are not aware that my forces have effected a lodgment, and at this moment occupy your position."

"Is it possible?" he exclaimed seriously, setting down a saucepan.

"Monsieur," I replied, "I give you my word that the soldiers under my command now occupy these premises in force. And, by the same entrance through which they came in, I could, if I pleased, bring in not only my reserve, but all the Spaniards in the village. You know what would be the consequences. Yesterday you expressed a benevolent wish to prevent the needless effusion of blood. Now, therefore, give me credit for being actuated on my part by a similar motive of humanity, in politely soliciting your instant surrender. In case of further resistance on your part, although I can control my own men, I could not answer for the

Padre and his people, who are very much exasperated. Therefore determine what you will do; but, remember, your own life, and the lives of your unfortunate and gallant countrymen, depend on your decision."

He. "Have the kindness to put it on their lives only, not on mine. Then I can treat without compromising my sense of honor. By further resistance, you say, their lives would be imperilled. In case of my condescending to accept terms of capitulation, would their lives be safe?"

I. "That I have already arranged with the Padre. He promises, in case of your coming to terms without delay, to be answerable for the personal security of your whole party till you are safe in the hands of the English at Vittoria. He also promises that he will remain in the village as a check on his own countrymen till the transfer takes place."

He. "It appears then that, by accepting terms, I may now secure that safety for my comrades which I sought by resistance. Very well, M. le Capitaine. In occupying and holding this position, I discharged a duty. In surrendering it, I discharge another."

I. "Very good. Then all is settled."

"Excuse me," said M. le Tisanier, assuming an air of considerable gravity. "There is one little matter which we have not settled yet."

## CHAPTER XXI.

"It will gratify me to meet your wishes," said I, "in any further arrangement which you may propose."

He. "M. le Capitaine, you particularly oblige me by saying so; for the business to which I now refer is one which personally affects you and me. In the conference which I had the pleasure of holding with you yesterday afternoon, you alluded to my parole in terms which affected my honor. As I said then, so I say now: I cannot permit that."

I. "Nothing could be further from my intention. Surely, in merely reminding you of your parole, not saying you had broken it, and in viewing it according to my interpretation rather than yours, I did nothing at which you can reasonably feel hurt."

He. "Ha! you explain, but you do not apologize. M. le Capitaine, though punctilious—nay, more than punctilious, chivalrous—I am not implacable. One word of apology would—"

I. "Apology? What do you mean by apology? I tell you I intended no offence; and I have nothing to retract. If I unintentionally wounded your feelings, of course I regret it; but apology is out of the question."

He. "Precisely. That is just what I expected you to say. Then, M. le Capitaine, there remains but one alternative. We had better decide this little affair at once. (*Brings from a corner of the kitchen two swords.*) You really must oblige me." (*Crosses the swords in his right hand, bows, and presents the hilts.*)

I. "If you insist upon it, of course I must. I never heard of anything so absurd in my life!"

He. "Hold! Let me fasten the kitchen-door. That will prevent interruption on the part of my countrymen, and also of yours." (*He fastens the door.*)

I. "The door may serve to exclude your men, but it will not keep out mine. No matter. They have already received orders to keep where they are, till summoned by me." We crossed our swords.

He. "Hold! Excuse me one moment, just while I take off that boiler."

Again our swords crossed.

He. "Monsieur, the attack is with you." (*Stamps.*) "*Commencez donc.*" (*Stamps twice.*) "Not bad, that lunge. Hold! your left shoulder is a little too forward. Withdraw it *un petit peu*, if you please. Capital, that thrust in quarte! You lunge better in quarte than in tierce. I hope you enjoyed your dinner yesterday? Ah, you threw away that *coup*. By keeping your point a trifle lower, you might have had me just under the arm. I suppose the Padre was not in the best of humors? You fence a little too wide. Better! Capital! Capital!"

Though acknowledged the best fencer in my regiment, I could make no impression on M. le Tisanier. I therefore bowed, and stood on my guard.

"Ah," said he, "now the attack is with me."

The attack of M. le Tisanier was not only brilliant and energetic, but in every respect formidable. With the arm of a Hercules, the eye of a lynx, and the skip of a chimpanzee, he advanced, he retreated, he sidled right and left, he got round me; till we had more than once perambulated the whole circuit of the kitchen, and till I, in meeting him front to front, had repeatedly faced the opposite points of the compass. Any one practised in fence will understand, when I say that, even while I succeeded in parrying every thrust, his attack was evidently *gaining* upon me; that is, his movements in assault had become a little in advance of mine in guard; and this advantage (most important, though in point of time scarcely appreciable) he gradually went on improving as the attack proceeded. In fact, nothing could be cleaner than his style of operating. Even his wrist, though always in position, moved

in a larger area than his point, which played about my sword in a small semi-circle, like summer lightning.

At length seeing an opportunity for which I had long watched, I raised my blade by the same movement with which I parried a thrust in quarte, and, ere he could recover himself, dropped it again so as just to touch his hand. My object was to inflict a slight wound, and disarm him. I was so far successful, that my point reached him, but with no visible consequences. I had made the first hit, but without putting my opponent *hors de combat*.

He sprang backwards with an angry growl, and for a few moments seemed to be collecting his forces. Foreseeing the impetuosity of his renewed assault, I prepared to give him a suitable reception; but, at the instant when about to commence a repetition of his favors, he moved a little to the right. This movement compelled on my part a corresponding change of position, to effect which I slightly shifted my left foot. My foot struck against something on the floor. I stumbled. Though just on the point of springing forward, M. le Tisanier, who through this mishap had me completely at his mercy, with a most winning bow immediately dropped his point.

The cause of my tripping is easily explained. Sergeant Pegden, either from having discovered, down in the cellar, that war had commenced over his head, or from some other motive, was beginning to raise the trap-door. I tripped against the edge. Stamping it down with my left heel, as a sign for the sergeant to keep quiet, but not so as to attract the notice of M. le Tisanier, who remained unconscious that my forces were in such immediate proximity, I again put myself on guard, saying, "My best acknowledgments are due for your forbearance. Whenever you wish to proceed, I am ready."

"A thousand thanks," said M. le Tisanier, with a renewal of supple and profound inflections. "I am satisfied."

"Very well," said I, extending my hand. "All things besides, then, can be easily arranged."

We tackled after the English fashion, and shook hands—an operation the more sedulously sought on my part, from visible symptoms of preparation, on the part of M. le Tisanier, for what in those days so frequently terminated French duels—a hug.

The shake accomplished, I noticed something on my hand. It was blood.

"Is this yours, or mine?" I asked.

"Did I not tell you that I was satisfied?" said he. "My honor is satisfied. Whether I am whipped through the body, or

scratched on the knuckle, what does it signify?"

#### CHAPTER XXII., AND LAST.

From the inferior regions now rose the voice of Sergeant Pegden. "Please, sir, I beg your pardon; but it's immediate."

"What's immediate?" I asked.

"Please, sir," he replied, "it's an orderly come from Vittoria; and brought a letter for you, sir, directed 'immediate' on the back of it, sir."

"Will you permit me?" I asked M. le Tisanier, raising the trap-door.

"Why, this is perfectly incredible," said he. "Above, and all around, I was prepared. It never entered my thoughts that I could be assailed from the shades below."

When I had raised the trap-door, there appeared—not Sergeant Pegden, but—the head of his halbert, and three glistening bayonets, fixed to the muzzles of three firelocks.

"Ground arms!" I cried. "Sergeant Pegden, show yourself."

The muskets promptly subsided into the darkness from which they had emerged, and, with a letter in his hand, the Sergeant slowly rose.

While, partly amused, partly surprised, M. le Tisanier gazed on the wasted form and pallid visage of the Sergeant, who ascended like a spectre from the grave, I took the letter and opened it.

It was an order to adopt immediate measures for the removal of my invalids to the convalescent station at Vittoria, and then to rejoin forthwith my regiment on the frontiers of France, taking with me, to be exchanged for Sir Charles Popham of the — light infantry, my prisoner, Le Vicomte d'Y, lieutenant of the — voltigeurs.

I. "M. le Vicomte, I am your most obedient, humble servant."

He. "M. le Capitaine, accept the assurances of my high consideration."

I. "M. le Vicomte, I have intelligence which no doubt will gratify you. It will be my pleasing duty to attend you to the frontiers, there to be exchanged."

He (with nonchalance). "For an Englishman? or for a Spaniard?"

I. "Happily, you are considered my prisoner, not a prisoner of the Spaniards. You will be exchanged for an English officer of the same military rank."

He. "Very good" (with much dignity).

"That is quite satisfactory to my sense of honor. Were it for a Spaniard, I hardly know whether I could condescend to accept of the exchange. By the by, since it is as your prisoner that I am to proceed to the



frontiers, I think it best, for reasons which you will doubtless appreciate, that so long as we are together I should fully maintain that character. M. le Capitaine, I offer you my sword."

J. "M. le Vicomte, you have taught me that you can use your sword not only with courage and address, but with magnanimity. Wear it."

The arrangements for our departure were soon completed. My sick men were conveyed to Vittoria. With them went Sergeant Pegden in charge, and the four French soldiers as prisoners to the English. Then, taking an affectionate leave of the Padre, we joined a party of British dragoons, who had been

out on a reconnaissance towards Pampeluna, and with them pursued our route towards the frontiers.

The first day's march took us across undulating ground, the road alternately dipping into valleys and topping the intermediate elevations. As the Vicomte and I jogged on side by side, I noticed that, on our reaching the summit of each successive eminence, he cast a furtive but anxious look backwards, as if watching for some party in the rear. I also looked back, and perceived that we were followed by a couple of mules, which bore on their backs two wounded Spaniards.

WOMAN'S RIGHTS IN THE CIVIL SERVICE. — The public spirit of Mrs. Bloomer has not been entirely thrown away; there is still a hope for the "rights" claimed by Madame Roland in public places of trust and power. In former days a woman was elected Pope; women have been enlisted as soldiers and sailors; but in all such cases it was by accident. Cardinals do not avowedly place the triple mitre on a lady's head; there is no instance of a commission for the Army issued to Di Vernon; and Billy Taylor's illustrious sweetheart was always supposed to be a fine-spirited youth until, while

"bold she fit among the rest,  
A gust of wind it blew aside her jacket,  
And diskivered her lily-vite breast."

It has remained for the Civil Service of this country to receive among its regular servants one of the fair sex.

The Master of the Rolls has led the way in this novel experiment of introducing female labor to a service generally accepted only by the other sex. The feminine element has been tolerably active and sometimes conspicuous in the politics of England already. Lovely Duchesses have turned fortunes at elections; sweet-voiced Countesses have influenced the atmosphere both at home and abroad; and ladies excluded from the House of Lords have revenged themselves by making their influence felt there though unseen. But the point was the *ostensible* appearance of women in the public service, and that acquisition it was reserved for Sir John Romilly to accomplish. Sir John has, we understand, actually appointed a female clerk to the State-Paper Office!

It is rather remarkable, that while rules are established excluding male clerks above a certain age from entering the public service, the new lady clerk is a married lady with four children.

We do not yet hear anything as to the nature of the examination which lady candidates for the Civil Service will be required to undergo. It is proposed that the examination of the gentlemen shall be public; of course the examination of the ladies cannot be less so. It is calculated to

attract a numerous auditory; but the curious point is to conjecture what will be the general character of the questions.

We do not hear anything either as to the arrangements which are to follow on the general introduction of ladies as civil servants. It is not stated whether the Master of the Rolls or Sir Francis Palgrave intends to copy the rule of Moravian institutions, and working houses, and to enforce a strict separation of the sexes. This is rather important. Any how, the subject is not without difficulties; but, of course, they have been foreseen by the Keeper and Deputy Keeper of the Rolls; and we trust some gallant Member of Parliament will move for a return of the regulations to be adopted in future with respect to clerkesses in the Civil Service. — *Spectator*.

IRISH CAR-DRIVERS. — I have lately met with what seems a characteristic instance of the way in which these amusing, but not very veracious, ciceroni often impose on the credulity of unsuspecting travellers. In Miss Grace Greenwood's account of her *Tour in Europe*, she tells us, that having inquired of her Jehu the origin of the name of "Bloody Bridge," over the Liffey, at Dublin, the man, who doubtless scented a "sympathizer," gave, as the origin of the name, that during the Rebellion of 1798, the captured insurgents were strung up over the battlements of the bridge, and allowed to remain there till they dropped piecemeal into the river below! The lady appears to have swallowed all this nonsense without hesitation, although the commonest books (the *Dublin Directory*, for instance) would have told her that the affray which originated the name arose from the attempt of a mob, urged on by some interested persons, to destroy the bridge while building — an attempt which was not defeated without some bloodshed; and, moreover, that the said affray took place, and the bridge received the name, which it has ever since borne (among the lower orders at least, for it is usually called Barraek Bridge by the better classes), before anybody concerned in the Rebellion of '98 was born! — *Notes and Queries*.

From The Examiner.

### THE EPISCOPAL JOHN GILPIN.

AN Archbishop is run away with. He has suffered himself to be put in motion, and cannot stop or be stopped. It is not a Mazeppa case, for the commencement of his course was spontaneous. John Gilpin's misadventure is the nearer parallel. He cries out lustily to stop, and everybody else except the wight who set him going, one Ditcher, would fain stop him, but the very persons who are most anxious to stop him are obliged by law to make him hold his course. He may be likened to a top whipped by law, spinning and gyrating away, and murmuring as it spins and gyrates. How it will end, or whether it will ever end, Heaven only knows. At that is certain is, that the Archbishop will have to pay some thousands in law for having commenced proceedings which cannot be stopped.

The Rev. Joseph Ditcher, vicar of South Brent, found something amiss in the sermons of Archdeacon Denison. He smelt a smell of heresy, and raised an alarm accordingly. His first application was to the Bishop of Bath and Wells, a very proper Bishop to extinguish heterodoxy; but that prelate flatly refused to send the case by letters of request to the Archbishop, and, to make sure of not yielding to Ditcher's importunity, he took the very decisive step of dying. The same application was made to the new Bishop, with no better success, and the pertinacious Ditcher then went straight to the Archbishop of Canterbury.

The Archbishop allowed himself to be moved. He issued a commission under a recent act, composed of five persons, to inquire and report whether there was aught against the articles of religion in Archdeacon Denison's sermons. The commission reported that there was a case for further proceedings. They found a true bill, as it were.

The Archbishop had asked, is there anything wrong in the doctrines of Archdeacon Denison? The commission answered, it seems to us that there is something wrong in the opinions of Archdeacon Denison, and that there is ground for further investigation.

But at this point the Primate's zeal had carried him as far as it would go—that is to say, as far as it would go without costing money. He had no objection to finding something amiss in the Church, but he had no mind to correct it at the cost of a long and expensive litigation. He was for letting the heterodoxy be, content with having found it out. He acted strictly on Dogberry's rule. He suspected Archdeacon Denison by virtue of his office to be no true man, and having

gone far to prove him so, he determined that the less you meddle or make with such a person, the better for all parties.

But it was too late. Ditcher had set the Archbishop going. Having lost his head, like the French saint, he had taken the first step which costs so much, and Ditcher now had him upon the inclined plane of the act of Parliament. While the Primate had a discretion he was indiscreet, when discreet he had no discretion.

The relentless Ditcher moves the Queen's Bench for a mandamus, commanding the Primate to summon Archdeacon Denison to appear before the tribunal appointed to investigate the charges preferred by Ditcher.

The Archbishop wrings his hands, and protests that the decision of such a tribunal would have no weight with the Church. But he should have thought of that before he consented to the preliminary proceedings. And further, it may be asked, what right the Archbishop can have to assume or to presume that a tribunal established by the Legislature is worthless. How would he like the Legislature in turn to conclude that Archbishops are good for nothing?

It was a piteous thing to see the question in the hands of the Court of Queen's Bench in banco. Every one wanted to stop the runaway Bishop excepting the implacable mover, but those who tried, tried in vain, and those who wished, wished against their judgment.

*Que diable alloit il faire dans cette galère?* was the question in many a learned breast.

Sir F. Thesiger disputed the right of any person "to set the Bishop in motion." He put the frightful case, What if a dissenter should set a Bishop in motion? Once admit the principle that a Bishop may be set in motion to remove scandals in the Church, and where is it to end? Why, in nothing short of reformation!

The Chief Justice stated the question with his usual perspicuity:

Lord Campbell said, the question was whether, when a commission had been appointed, and a report was made that there were reasonable grounds for further investigation, and the prosecutor insisted on going on as prosecutor, the Bishop was not turned into a judge, and bound to proceed, as the *dominus litis*?

Mr. Justice Coleridge.—Suppose the Archbishop considered the commission and the report to be all nonsense?

Sir F. Thesiger.—This Court would not in that case compel him to proceed.

Lord Campbell.—That raises the question whether the Archbishop has a discretion to exercise, or not?

Sir F. Thesiger.—If he has not, still there

is the question whether this Court will, in the exercise of its discretion, compel the Archbishop to proceed.

Mr. Justice Coleridge here referred to the language of the 9th section, which enacted that "it shall be lawful" for the Bishop to require the clergyman to appear before him; and observed that in some cases those words had been construed as permissive, and sometimes as compulsory.

Sir F. Thesiger. — The words "it shall be lawful" occurred as many as twelve times in this act, and in ten instances they were clearly used in a discretionary and not compulsory sense. The learned counsel submitted, it would be inconsistent that the Bishop should have a discretion in the origin of the proceedings, but, when he afterwards came to the opinion that no proceedings ought to be instituted, he was to have no discretion and was to find that he had given it over to another.

Lord Campbell. — It is a question whether the Legislature has not placed him in that position.

The conclusion was, that the rule for the mandamus was made absolute, that is to say, the Bishop is to go on *malgré lui*, like the mock doctor, a mock reformer. The calculation of the *Times* is, that the proceedings will cost some ten thousand pounds, and satisfy nobody. In the good old times they came to more positive conclusions. If Archdeacon Denison could be burnt for heresy, there would be some satisfaction in that, something to show for the money. And no one would pretend to say that a tribunal which could condemn a man to be roasted was a tribunal having no weight. But martyrdom has now changed sides, and it is the prosecuting Bishop who is the martyr in costs, instead of the heretic.

The unhappy Primate asks, "Why am I to pay ten thousand pounds because Archdeacon Denison holds ten thousand heterodox crotchets? And what else will be the result? nothing, indeed, except scandal in the Church."

Now let us turn the case the other way. Let us suppose for one moment, that the Archbishop would gain £10,000 instead of losing it, by proceedings against a heretical dignitary. Would there have been any reluctance to proceed? Would the appointed tribunal have been discredited? Would scandal in the Church have been apprehended? Would not zeal have been rampant, unrestrainable? Instead of being a John Gilpin, would not the Primate have ridden, whip and spur, *ventre à terre*, a steeple-chase for the stakes? He would hardly have needed a Ditcher to move him over hedge and ditch, and, in the language of the civilians, it would have been the office of the Bishop promoted\* by the Rev. Joseph Ditcher.

Heterodoxy is a mountain or mole hill, according to what is to be gained or what is to be lost by proceeding against it. If our Church needed reform as much as it did in the time of Henry VIII., is there a Bishop who could consent to pay the price of £10,000 out of his own episcopal pocket for the work? They would all be for sparing the scandal and the money, and for letting ill alone.

#### THE GREAT MRS. HASHIM QUESTION.

THE origin of the present war was a question about the custody of a church key. The Caffre war was about a hatchet. The troubles in New Zealand all turned upon a certain flagstaff. If we should be embroiled with the United States, it will be about Mosquitoes. If we quarrel with Persia, it will be for a Helen in the person of one Mrs. Hashim.

When Mr. Murray arrived at the Persian Court, he found one Mirza Hashim under the protection of the British embassy, the said Hashim being highly obnoxious to the Persian Minister. Mr. Murray does not seem to have troubled his head to ascertain whether the Mirza was entitled to the protection he had obtained or not — whether an unoffending man, or a scamp. English diplomacy delights in protection, for it shows the power of the British envoy in defiance of the national authorities. So the sentiment as to the worthy Hashim was,

"I know not, I care not, if guilt's in thy heart.  
I know I'll protect thee whatever thou art."

Hashim was accordingly to be removed out of harm's way to a post at Shiraz. The Persian Minister protested, claiming Hashim as a servant of the Government, and threatening to seize him if he left the bounds of the mission. For a material guarantee, meanwhile, the Sadi seized Mrs. Hashim. This was a violation of the sanctity of British protection. Mr. Murray demanded Mrs. Hashim. The Minister refused to deliver the Helen up, and insinuated that Mr. Murray was her Paris. Upon this Mr. Murray struck his flag, and broke off all relations with the Persian Government. Could there be a prettier quarrel than this? How dignified all the circumstances. Surely Hashim was born to make a hash for Mr. Murray. Such is the Diplomatic Disservice. And who is Mr. Murray, will now be asked? Mr. Murray is a man of good friends, who showed some knowledge of the West, for which he was sent to the East, with the fortunate result we now witness, and for the end of protecting Hashim *comme qu'il coule*. — *Examiner*, 2 Feb.

From The Press, 9 Feb.

## AMERICAN (SECRET) CORRESPONDENCE.

*Documents which will probably not be found in the Blue-Book when the Correspondence connected with the American Question is laid before Parliament.*

No. 96.

LORD CLARENDON TO LORD PALMERSTON.

Tuesday.

My dear Palmerston, — Crampton's last I enclose. All seems going on as you could desire, and Pierce is playing into your hands. Excuse a hint, and don't overrun your game. What shall I say to C.? I mean, of course, privately. — Yours, always,

CLARENDON.

Foreign Office.

No. 97.

LORD PALMERSTON TO LORD CLARENDON.

Wednesday.

My dear Clarendon, — Right as a trivet. Always hint anything you like, or rather don't hint, — speak out, bang. Do you think we are going a little too fast? Well, perhaps we are. But remember that the peace negotiations will go on fast, also, and we must accumulate our war capital, or we shall be on our backs. The Yankee sensation must be got up immediately after Parliament meets. Shape the letter your own way, but recollect from the moment peace is signed we are froze-out gardeners. — Ever yours,

PALMERSTON.

Piccadilly.

No. 98

LORD CLARENDON TO MR. CRAMPTON.

(Extract.)

You will not fail to make it distinctly understood by the American Government that propositions made on our part while a certain state of things exists in Europe are liable to modification should that state of things be altered. An apology, which we might have no difficulty in making, while our fleets and armies are engaged in the northern and southern seas, would be ridiculous and inadmissible were those forces liberated. Should you be met by the argument that what is right should be done irrespective of circumstances, you will admit the general propriety of that proposition, but will show that the special circumstances of the present case remove it from the ordinary category, and exact an exceptional solution. It will be matter of regret with her Majesty's Government should this view tend to irritation instead of conviction, but we see no alternative.

No. 99.

THE SAME TO THE SAME.

(Private. Extract.)

Keep him on the simmer, my dear fellow; but the pot must not boil over just yet, if at all.

No. 117.

FROM MR. CRAMPTON TO LORD CLARENDON.

(Private. Extract.)

I can't make you understand these people. They are neither Spaniards or Russians. If you would tell me exactly what you and Para want — supposing you know yourselves — and would leave me to work it out, I should know my way. But we shall all get into a mess if you will insist in chalking out my course for me. As it is, or rather as it was, we are in the right; but we are now doing our d—dest to turn a good cause into a bad one. In a word, do you want a row?

No. 118.

LORD CLARENDON TO LORD PALMERSTON.

(Enclosing the above.)

My dear Pam, — *Lege, domine, lege.* He wants to know whether we want a row. Ha! ha! — Yours, ever,

C.

Foreign Office.

No. 119.

LORD PALMERSTON TO LORD CLARENDON.

(Extract. Private.)

How good. *Un veritable Arcadien.* Make it clear to his weak mind, but, I say, take care what you write. He is a man to explode. Send him an article from *The Press*, or somewhere, in which the game is shown, and hint to him that true words are often spoken in joke. He can hardly misunderstand that. By the way, what is the force of America? I've forgotten all about it. Once, more, be cautious what you say to C.

No. 120.

LORD CLARENDON TO MR. CRAMPTON.

(Extract. Private.)

I regret that you should misunderstand the views of H. M. Government, or suppose that we should deliberately direct you in a course calculated, or at least intended, to bring on hostilities. At the same time, actuated by a higher consideration than that of the mere preservation of peace, we do not hesitate to look in the face the contingency at which you hint. H. M. Government, aware of the feeling of this country in regard to itself, has one great duty before it, namely, the taking care that while Europe recovers herself from the agitation of war, while the ruptured relations of States are granulating and reunit



ing after their wounded severance, the process shall be presided over by no Government less skillful than that which has brought the war to an issue. This—the retaining the present Ministry in office—is due to Europe, and from that solemn and sacred duty we will not flinch. Follow my argument, my dear Crampton, and now comprehend that, in the present state of the House of Commons and the country, a war sensation is necessary to the endurance of Lord Palmerston's Government. To your able hands is confided the task of providing that sensation, and I trust that I need scarcely add that we must have it—harmlessly, if possible—but we must have it.

No. 139.

MR. CRAMPTON TO LORD CLARENDON.

*(Extract. Private.)*

The President hinted—in fact, said—in the course of dinner, that the policy of H. M. Government curiously resembled that which his enemies had the cruelty to attribute to himself, namely, a desire to appear quarrelsome, for the sake of popularity, even though such pretence should lead to serious consequences.

No. 146.

LORD CLARENDON TO LORD PALMERSTON.

*(Enclosing the above.)*

Pierce is no fool. But it was devilish uncivil to say such a thing to poor Crampton. I think I put the matter neatly in my last—I thought it would be better than sending a newspaper article, which might have frightened him.

No. 147.

LORD PALMERSTON TO LORD CLARENDON.

*(Extract. Private.)*

Confound Pierce. I hope the story will not get wind. Don't you go telling it to any of your smoky associates, mind that, there's a good fellow. Well, things must go on. I'm afraid there is no chance of escaping this infernal peace, but we will hope for the best; and in the mean time let Crampton nurse Pierce's wrath, and keep it warm. It may turn out awkwardly, for he sees our game, and of course is the less afraid to push his own. But *che sara sara*, after me the Deluge, so sing whack-fol-de-rol, and the devil take the hindmost. Put that into decorousness for our virtuous Crampton.

From The Press, 16 Feb.

## AMERICAN DISPUTE.

SELF-RESPECT is the safest prevention against quarrelling. The man who is sure of his own position is the slowest to suspect another of any design to question it; and

hence the art of avoiding altercations has generally been deemed one of the peculiar characteristics of a gentleman. When Mr. Bloundell contradicted Major Pendennis on a point of fashionable gossip, how did the Major conduct himself? Did he endeavor to put down the impertinent blunderer? Did he even indulge in a sneer? Nothing of the kind. Few there present, we are told, could appreciate the melancholy politeness with which the veteran man of the world at once accepted Mr. Bloundell's version of the anecdote, which he perfectly well knew to be wrong, and admitted with readiness that his memory must have played him false. This is a stroke of true satire, in which, by insinuating the worthlessness of the point in dispute, we ridicule the littleness of those who first thought it worth disputing. Never to seem afraid of being put upon, as the phrase goes—never to argue a question merely lest people should think you can't argue it—never to fight simply for fear the lookers-on should think you a coward—these are some of the maxims on which all men of superior minds act, habitually and unconsciously; and it is this habit which gives to such men that air of repose and self-possession before which fools stand abashed and dandies are wild with envy.

Few men can have mingled, even in the slightest degree, in society, without noticing that one prominent feature in the character of a parvenu in his proneness to take offence. His angles are sharper, his horns are "more tender," than those of other people. There is really no knowing where to be safe with him. The moment you put your finger on him his bristles stand out like a hedgehog's. The best plan of course is to leave such a character alone. But unfortunately where nations, not individuals, are concerned, this cannot be done. Cool contempt is out of the question, and the bristles must be laid by the application of the national sawder.

*Pulveris exigui jactu compressa quiescunt.*

At least we hope so. But we must take the opportunity of observing, at the same time, how foolish it is not to be very careful of provoking this irritation. When gentlemen meet a parvenu in the world they are scrupulously ceremonious to him; just as Mr. Disraeli\* tells us the old nobility of Spain made a point of addressing a new-made grandee by the whole string of his titles, whereas they generally accosted one another by some familiar abbreviation. Such should be our conduct towards America. We should do our best to avoid impinging on their ramified irritability. It is senseless to provoke a

\* Does *The Press* mean to say that Mr. Disraeli is the author of *Gil Blas*?—*Living Age*.

man, whoever he may be, who has the power to be mischievous. And the unpleasant results of having done so, which we not long ago predicted, are already becoming apparent. The reinforcement of the West India squadron has not been without its effect. The augmentation of the American navy is in rapid progress. Brother Jonathan may subject himself to deserved ridicule by his excessive sensibility, and ignorance of the code of courtesy which governs older countries. He may show himself a parvenu to any extent, but for all that he is no fool and he is no coward. The man who wants to fight you in the streets because you push against him, may be a low fellow, but that will be no consolation if you go home with a black eye. Neither will it much mend the matter if you have given him two in return. On the whole you will consider it a very disagreeable business, and wish devoutly you had never got into it.

We recommend these remarks to the consideration of our Premier. He should reflect that we can get very little glory out of a war with America at the best, and may reap considerable loss and discredit. We had best keep on good terms with these touchy gentlemen. We have not the slightest reason to be angry with them, and we ought if possible not to allow them the pleasure of being angry with us.

From *The Economist*, 16 Feb.

#### THE AMERICAN PEOPLE AND AMERICAN POLITICIANS.

WHEN reading the language of certain organs of the American Press, and still more when listening to the language of American politicians, it is not easy to repress those sentiments of natural anger and disgust out of which wars so often spring. For some time it has suited the purpose of the party now in office in the United States and of the newspapers which support them, to hold menacing and irritating language towards Great Britain—to be magniloquent and insulting—to “talk big,” as we should colloquially term it.\* All this, no doubt, is merely “Buncombe”—that is, clap-trap for the galleries and the masses; but it is all very low, and when proceeding from diplomats and ministers, very disreputable and very dangerous.

At first, President Pierce, — whose popularity has for some time been on the wane and who felt the necessity of some startling stroke to recover it, — and Attorney-General

\* When the excellent and friendly *Economist* shall have read the letters of Mr. Marcy, we think he will do justice to the civil decorum of the style of our able Secretary of Foreign Affairs. Knowing how entirely this paper is for harmony with us, it is sad to read the expression of its grieved friendship. — *Living Age*.

Cushing, whose ill-conditioned character is better understood in the Union than here, endeavored to pick a quarrel out of our unadvised attempt to enlist recruits across the water. But the prompt and ample expression of regret offered by our Minister, and the instantaneous cessation of the cause of offence, balked those mischief-makers for a time. As Lord Palmerston stated, “no gentleman could do, or would dream of asking, more,” — nor would any Government composed of gentlemen. The American Minister in London expressed himself perfectly satisfied, and had no doubt his Government would be so too. Unhappily, his Government did not want satisfaction — they wanted dissatisfaction: so they reopened the dispute and insisted on “reparation,” and are still doing all they can to keep alive and exasperate the quarrel.

In case this cause of rupture should fall them and be accommodated in spite of them, they have revived a discussion respecting our rights and position in Central America, and respecting the interpretation of a treaty of very recent date. Of course we think we are in the right, and we must suppose that they think the same on their side. The matter in dispute is not worth a rupture to either party, but of course no nation can tamely submit either to be robbed or bullied. Here again we have done all that “gentlemen” can do in such cases; we have done what gentlemen usually do; we have offered to refer the question to arbitration. But this does not suit the American Government. They do not want to settle the question; they want either to keep it open as a means of gaining popularity by appearing to menace Great Britain and so flattering the national vanity; or to induce us to give way, so as to enable them to say to America, “See! we have compelled Great Britain to submit.” In a word, they want the question for “Buncombe;” and a settlement by arbitration is therefore the very last thing that would suit them.

The language of a great proportion of the Transatlantic Press is unpleasant enough on this subject, and might be disgusting if we did not know that these journalists write for the same purpose and the same classes as those to catch whose votes the officials act. What can we expect from irresponsible conductors of the Daily Press when senators and statesmen set them so sad an example? The last mail brings us a report of a discussion in the Senate on the subject of the differences relating to the Clayton-Bulwer treaty of 1850, in which Mr. Cass and Mr. Clayton took a part. Mr. Cass was a candidate for the Presidency, and will probably be so again. Mr. Clayton is a

diplomatist, and might therefore be expected to understand and to observe the decencies if not the courtesies of intercourse among statesmen. And the Senate is the most grave, elevated, and carefully selected body of public men in the United States. Yet in that assembly these orators do not hesitate to speak of the "rapacity," "duplicity," "shuffling," "rapacious spirit," "despicable attempts at special pleading," "disgraceful conduct," &c., of Lord Palmerston and Lord Clarendon — with other amenities of the same nature.

Language of this sort is calculated to make amicable arrangements very difficult, and if imitated on this side of the water, would be seen by our Transatlantic brethren in its true light. It is, we do not doubt, deeply regretted and severely condemned by all educated and reflecting Americans, both as discreditable to their Government, and as likely to cause great and needless irritation here. We must on our part, as they on theirs, do all we can to allay such irritation. And, this can best be effected by both our people and our Government bearing in mind two facts: First, that this unseemly language is not addressed to us (however it may in intention be spoken at us); it is held in their national assembly, and we are not supposed nor compelled to know anything of it. We must in all our dealings with America be on our guard against considering, and if possible against hearing, anything which is not forced upon our attention by coming before our

Government in an official shape. Secondly, we must remember that the American President and Ministers do not represent the upper and middle classes, the commercial classes, or the cultivated and sober-minded classes of that great and wide-spread nation; that they have their own personal and indirect aims to serve; that they are forever on the hustings, and addressing a miscellaneous body of electors; and that to men under such circumstances, there as here, a certain amount of loose talking, and not a little magniloquence and bombast, must be permitted. Our own course is clear. Having expressed our regret for our error in one dispute, and offered to refer another to the arbitration of impartial umpires, we have nothing more to do. We must, of course, be prepared to promptly and vigorously maintain our rights and possessions if actually attacked (which is most improbable); but for the rest we must fold our hands and close our mouths; we must retaliate no insolence and reciprocate no anger; but give time for the calm good sense and good feeling of the real American NATION, as distinguished from the American POPULACE, to operate and make itself heard. We must refer the Government at Washington to the people throughout the States; and appeal from a few violent and self-seeking politicians who now chance to be at the head of affairs, to a great country which they mislead and misrepresent, and which probably they will soon cease to govern.

BREAD CONVERTED INTO STONE: AN ENDURING MIRACLE. — Where the stone is now, I know not, but an old picture representing a loaf converted into stone at Leyden, in 1316, still hangs in the vestibule of the hospital at Middelburg. — From the *Navorscher*.

J. J. WOLFS.

The loaf converted into stone here, at Leyden, my dwelling-place, disappeared, I believe, about the time of the Reformation; but I saw it, or something like it, a few weeks ago, in the hospital at Middelburg. Here I was shown the miraculous relic, which has exactly the form of a loaf, and is of great weight. As I am no geologist, I cannot say what kind of stone it is; it is such as children call white kittelsteen (pebble). O sancta simplicitas of the middle ages! — From the *Navorscher*.

The Mirakelsteeg (Miracle Street), at Leyden, derives its name from the miracle which happened there, in 1315, and which is thus related in the *Kronyk van Holland van den Klerk*:

"In the aforesaid year of famine, in the town

of Leyden, there occurred a signal miracle to two women who lived next door to each other; for, one having bought a barley-loaf, she cut it into two pieces, and laid one half by, for that was all her living, because of the great dearth and famine that prevailed. And as she stood and was cutting off the one half for her children, her neighbor, who was in great want and need through hunger, saw her and begged her for God's sake to give her the other half, and she would pay her well. But she denied again and again, and affirmed mightily, and by oath, that she had no other bread; and as her neighbor would not believe her, she said in angry mood: 'If I have any bread in my house more than this, I pray God it may turn to stone.' Then her neighbor left her, and went away. But when the first half of the loaf was eaten up, and she went for the other half, which she had laid by, that bread was become stone. Which stone, just such as the bread was, is now at Leyden, in St. Peter's Church, and as a sign, they are wont, on all high feast-days, to lay it before the Holy Ghost."

## BROTHER LANDS.

## THE ENGLISHMAN TO THE AMERICAN.

No hostile stranger-nations we,  
To war with impious hands :  
One land around a common sea,  
One people in two lands.

In vain our kindred shores to part  
Are waves between us thrown;  
The tide that warms a British heart  
Is that which fills your own.

No beacon ranged on either beach  
But like an angel stands,  
To call new hopes from each to each,  
And link our loving lands.

No ship that sails from either shore,  
While to and fro it plies,  
But weaves the thread of friendship o'er  
The gulf that 'twixt us lies.

No pilgrims from our harbors part,  
Or come with eager oars,  
But give you more of England's heart,  
And more to us of yours.

No song that soothes our children's rest  
But unto yours is dear :  
No lay that stirred our soldiers' breast  
But yours have glowed to hear.

No flame that flashed on Britain's brow,  
But gleams on yours alike :  
Then, if ye can, abjure us now,  
Forget it all — and strike !

— Ernest Jones.

## "OVER THE HILLS AND FAR AWAY."

A little bird brushed my window by,  
'Twixt the level street and the level sky,  
The level rows of houses tall,  
The blank noon-sun on the level wall;  
And all that the little bird did say  
Was, "Over the hills and far away."

A little bird sang behind my chair,  
From the level line of cornfields fair,  
The smooth green hedgerow's level round  
Just a furlong off — the horizon's bound :  
And the level lawn where the sun all day  
Burns — "Over the hills and far away."

A little bird sings above my bed;  
And I know, if I could but lift my head,  
I should see the sun set, red and grand,  
Upon level sea and level sand —  
While beyond the misty distance gray  
Lies "Over the hills and far away."

I think that a little bird will sing  
Over a fresh green mound next spring,

Where something that once clothed *me*, ye'll  
leave  
'Neath the level shadows of morn and eve,  
But I shall be gone, past night, past day,  
"Over the hills and far away."

— Chambers' Journal.

## TOO LATE.

Douglas — Douglas, tendir and treu.

Old Ballad.

COULD ye come back to me, Douglas, Douglas,  
In the old likeness that I knew,  
I would be so faithful, so loving, Douglas,  
Douglas, Douglas, tender and true !

Never a scornful word should pain ye;  
I'd smile as sweet as the angels do;  
Sweet, as your smile on me shone ever,  
Douglas, Douglas, tender and true.

O to call back the days that are not ! —  
My eyes were blinded, your words were few;  
Do you know the truth now, up in heaven,  
Douglas, Douglas, tender and true ?

I was not half worthy of you, Douglas,  
Not half worthy the like of you !  
Now all men beside are to me like shadows,  
I love you, Douglas, tender and true.

Stretch out your hand to me, Douglas, Douglas;  
Drop forgiveness from heaven like dew;  
As I lay my heart on your dead heart, Douglas,  
Douglas, Douglas, tender and true.

Chambers' Journal.

## A SHADOW OF GEORGE HERBERT.

If thou, in life's chill thunder-rain,  
Poor heart,  
Be caught and drench'd

So that the fire  
Of thy so living faith all smoulder'd is and  
quench'd;

Yet pause before thou dost complain,  
Dear heart, and straight inquire  
If thou

Didst not some other while disdain  
Shelter ere now.

But, if thou suffer'd art to bask,

Dear heart,  
In life's full sun,  
Nor need to swerve

From the true path of faith and duty won;  
Then look into thyself, and ask,  
True heart, if thou deserve  
Such bliss ?

If not, beware life's hardest task  
To take amiss.

— Household Words.



